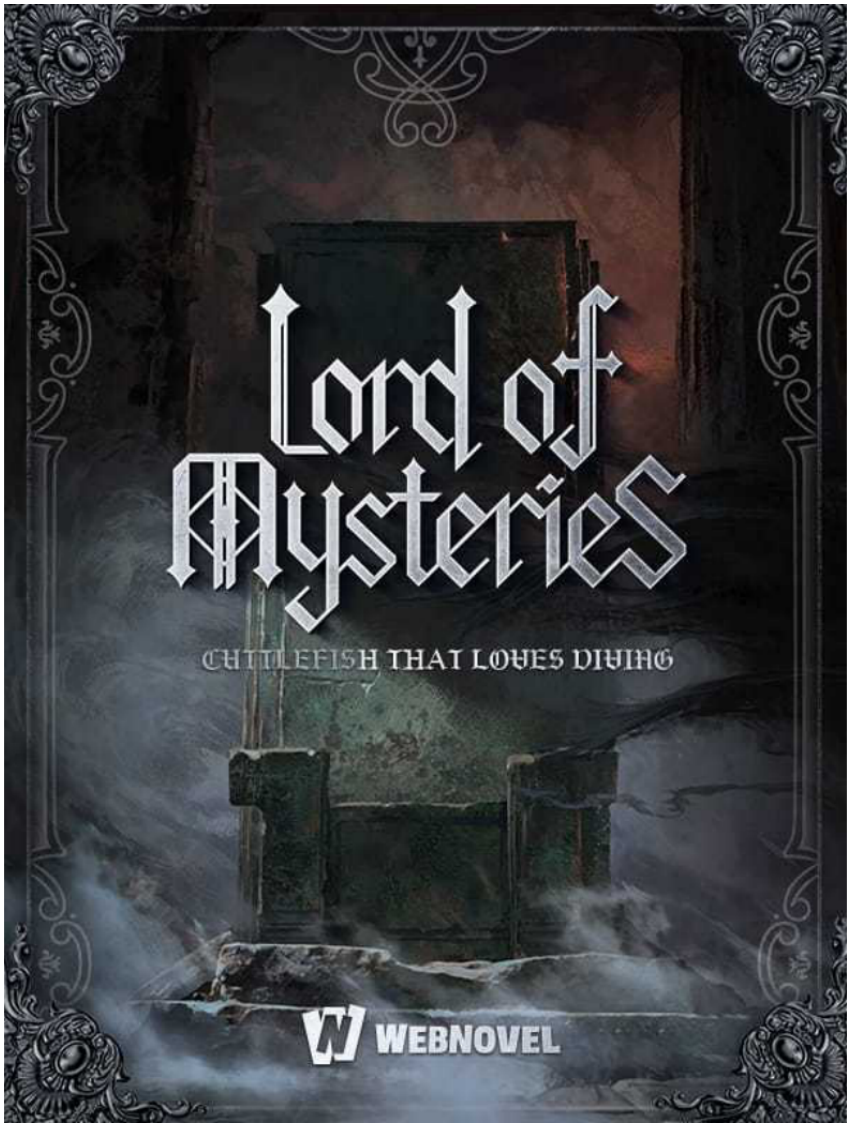
Lord of Mysteries
CUTTLEFISH THAT LOVES DIVING
WEBNOVEL

Information

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Lord of Mysteries

Fantasia

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Chs/Semana

Esta é a taxa média de lançamentos realizados nos últimos 30 dias. O cronograma do tradutor é --Chs/Semana.

1,432 Capítulos

68.5M Modos de exibição
Autor: *Cuttlefish That Loves Diving****Translator:*** *Atlas Studios****Editor:*** *Atlas Studios*
mais

4.89 (5,035 Avaliações)

Sinopse

With the rising tide of steam power and machinery, who can come close to being a Beyonder? Shrouded in the fog of history and darkness, who or what is the lurking evil that murmurs into our ears?

Waking up to be faced with a string of mysteries, Zhou Mingrui finds himself reincarnated as Klein Moretti in an alternate Victorian era world where he sees a world filled with machinery, cannons, dreadnoughts, airships, difference machines, as well as Potions, Divination, Hexes, Tarot Cards, Sealed Artifacts…

The Light continues to shine but mystery has never gone far. Follow Klein as he finds himself entangled with the Churches of the world—both orthodox and unorthodox—while he slowly develops newfound powers thanks to the Beyonder potions.

Like the corresponding tarot card, The Fool, which is numbered 0—a number of unlimited potential—this is the legend of "The Fool."

214: Land of Hope

Editor: Atlas Studios

Choo-choo!

A train whistle resounded in every corner of the station as a metal behemoth, in the form of a steam locomotive, came to a slow stop with more than twenty carriages in tow.

Dressed in a tuxedo and half top hat, Klein was carrying an exaggerated luggage bag that appeared incongruent with his figure. He took a firm step onto the ground of the Loen Kingdom's capital, Backlund.

This city was divided into two regions by the Tussock River which flowed to the southeast. The two lands were connected by the Backlund Bridge and ferries, with a population exceeding five million people. It was the most prosperous capital in the Southern and Northern Continents.

Klein looked far into the distance and saw faint yellow smog everywhere. Visibility was terrible, and the gas lamps hanging above the train platform were already lit to dispel the gloominess and darkness.

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215: Mrs. Sammer

Editor: Atlas Studios

"Did you see a teenage boy? He's wearing an old coat!" One of the men who dashed into the carriage asked the conductor fiercely.

Klein glanced at the man through the corner of his eyes. He was thin and hardy; his skin a dark shade from prolonged exposure to the sun. His eyes were much more recessed than the typical Loen Kingdom citizen.

A highlander? Or a mixed blood? He nodded thoughtfully.

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216: The Same-old Gathering

Editor: Atlas Studios

Klein started his first morning in Backlund under cold and humid weather conditions, with a light fog that provided very little visibility. For breakfast, he had one liter worth of cheap tea, costing one penny, and two pieces of toast with inferior butter in the center.

He was busy the entire morning, but he first went to the Cherwood Borough's Backlund Bulletin to post a tiny advertisement for a month at the cost of thirty pounds.

From Tuesday, the Backlund Bulletin's loyal readers would see a tiny advertisement along the seams of its seventh and eighth page.

Sherlock Moriarty. Good at various types of private investigations. Reasonable prices and strictly adheres to the principles of confidentiality. Resides at Cherwood Borough's 15 Minsk Street.

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217: Mr. Door's Description

Editor: Atlas Studios

Mr. Door… This naming style is very similar to mine… I wonder what was the real name of this pathetic fellow who was lost and trapped in the deep darkness amidst the storms is, and what his Sequence is. Or rather, just as Emperor Roselle had guessed, he's one of the evil gods or devils… Klein let out a silent chuckle which was mixed with ridicule and self-deprecating humor. He was also interested in the history of the Fourth Epoch.

"I know of the most famous 'War of the Four Emperors' in the Fourth Epoch, but the specific details and the main figures involved are limited to the information spread by the major Churches. For example, the 'Black Emperor' of the Solomon Empire.

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218: Free General Knowledge

Editor: Atlas Studios

"June 3rd. After discussing with Edwards and the others, I gave up on the idea of reaching a tacit understanding with the Church of the Eternal Blazing Sun. This might very well reveal my true intentions, making the Sauron family and the ancient nobles who support them aware of them in advance and carry out a direct approach. That would make matters extremely difficult and dangerous.

"It's a pity that Grimm died in the Sea of Fog. He was the smartest among us.

"Descend into chaos! Descend! Only with everything in chaos will I get the chance to fish in troubled waters! Only when the Sauron family is incapable of handling this situation will the Church of the Eternal Blazing Sun reluctantly acknowledge me!

"Perhaps I should give some help to those rebels, but how should I conceal myself so that no one would notice?

"June 4th, Zaratul from the Secret Order came to visit me in incognito very suddenly."

…

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219: Explanation

Editor: Atlas Studios

If The Fool had simply mentioned that there was some simple general knowledge contained in Roselle's diary, The Hanged Man, Alger, wouldn't necessarily be determined to pay the "price" for the answer, partly because the description of it being "simple" killed his curiosity. Another aspect stemmed from his constant wariness against making trades with The Fool, as it reminded him of the examples when deals were made with evil gods and devils.

But now that he knew the so-called contents of simple general knowledge, his interest was piqued. Yet, he was unable to understand parts of the description, much less gain any actual or deep grasp of the concept. Therefore, he couldn't hold back his urges to ask in absolute reverence, "Mr. Fool, what kind of payment do you want?"

"Yes, yes!" Justice Audrey nodded nearly indiscernibly but very frequently, indicating that this was something she wanted to ask as well.

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220: Klein's Sacrificial Trial

Editor: Atlas Studios

"Attempt?" Justice was instantly thrilled as she nodded her, acting reserved and elegant.

"I'm very willing to cooperate."

As a Spectator, she clearly remembered that Mr. Fool had only used the word "attempt" on two things. The first time involved bringing her and The Hanged Man into this mysterious space, and the second time was when they were given an honorary name so that they could attempt to make a prayer. And the outcome was sufficiently successful, revealing "His" true nature.

What would it be this time? It really is something to look forward to! Audrey restrained her impatience and tried her best to behave as a qualified Spectator.

Attempt… Alger suddenly tensed up, viewing The Fool's proposal with utmost wariness.

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221: The Tarot Club at a Higher Level

Editor: Atlas Studios

The Blue Avenger was like a leaf on the surface of the undulating waves of the Sonia Sea. At times, it was raised high and sometimes low from the ebbing of the waves, but there was no sign of it being at risk of capsizing.

Alger Wilson stood in the captain cabin, his back to the shelves of red and white wine, as he subconsciously paced around.

Finally, he gritted his teeth and returned to the mahogany desk with a grim expression. He removed the brass sextant, found a piece of paper and a pen, and leaned over to draw the complex, mysterious symbol given to him by The Fool.

With a Seafarer's memory, Alger quickly completed the first step of the sacrificial ritual.

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222: The First Job

Editor: Atlas Studios

Ding! Dong! A rope was being tugged, causing the doorbell and the sound it made to constantly tinkle and send its sound echoing throughout the spacious but relatively empty living room.

Klein, who was seated on the sofa reading a newspaper to study the various investment opportunities, stood up. He was wearing a white shirt and a black vest without a bow tie, just like what one would wear at home.

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223: Three Matters

Editor: Atlas Studios

Klein asked after listening carefully, "So you suspect that the Zreal whom the detectives saw was someone in disguise?"

Holding his brown round hat, Ian replied as if he had already thought about it, "It's a possibility, but I think it's too difficult due to the huge risks involved. The party was at night, and it's true that the lights weren't very bright—but most of the people attending are detectives, detectives with keen observational skills. Just a wig, beard, or cosmetics can hardly hide from their eyes."

Perhaps some Beyonder powers can do it… Just like how Creeping Hunger enables such an ability… There was a little trap in Klein's question. He wished to determine from the teenage boy's answer, the expression on his face, and his body language to determine if he had ever come into contact with Beyonders, or if he knew things about mysticism.

The initial answer was no.

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224: Mystic-type Detective

Editor: Atlas Studios

The dim room was covered in a thin veil of crimson moonlight, and everything was indistinct.

The three men in the black coats were sleeping in different spots. And on the sofa, Klein's eyes half-blended into the darkness by closing them, it was as if he had entered a deep slumber.

His dream was a gray, distorted world, occasionally flashing with brilliance.

Finally, the brilliance settled to form a scene.

It was a gloomy corner, the ground sloshed with sewage. A man with short brown hair, a white shirt, and a brown vest was leaning against the wall, surrounded by a dense mischief of gray rats.

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225: Unnoticeable Guidance

Editor: Atlas Studios

Klein backed up from the fork in the path, without touching Zreal's corpse.

Thump! Thump! Thump!

Suddenly, a sound echoed in the distance through the empty sewers.

Klein listened for a few seconds before decisively retreating towards the exit, down the dirty concrete road that ran along both sides of the sewage channel.

There was no need to take risks in matters that didn't involve him.

Klein closed the iron manhole cover after he climbed out of the sewers. After ensuring that the surrounding area looked normal, he returned to his rented room in the East Borough and changed out of his disguise.

Then, he put on his gold-rimmed glasses, walked to another street, took a rented carriage, and returned to Cherwood Borough in the silence and cold of three in the morning. However, he didn't return to Minsk Street.

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226: The Terrified Xio

Editor: Atlas Studios

Cherwood Borough. 15 Minsk Street.

A satiated Klein sat in a reclining chair in the living room, beside a fireplace burning with charcoal.

In a warm environment akin to summer, Klein wore a white shirt, a black vest, and thin trousers, while having a newspaper spread open in front of him as he flipped through the section with the most ads.

A new type of transportation vehicle is in urgent need for investments. Details to be discussed in person… Klein read the advertisement twice before picking up a pencil from a small, dark red table to his side and circled the message.

If there were no commissions tomorrow or the day after, he planned on seeing if this so-called new type of transportation vehicle had any investment value—such matters were impossible to divine since there was a lack of sufficient information.

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227: Inventor Leppard

Editor: Atlas Studios

Sitting at his own dining table on a foggy morning, Klein broke up his specially bought wheat bread and soaked it in milk, improving the way he ate it.

Although his body had changed a long time ago, his pursuit and obsession with delicacies were engraved into his soul. He was completely unable to adapt to the Loen Kingdom's monotonous and repetitive style of breakfast. He could only try his best at experimenting. He tried not to limit himself to toast, bread, bacon, sausages, and butter. He tried hard to expand the boundaries and improve the way he ate. For example, his recipes had new additions such as pork-filled pastries from the south, Feynapotter noodles, and roasted corn pastries.

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228: The Mastermind

Editor: Atlas Studios

Almost instinctively, Klein bent his knees and rolled sideways toward the bathroom door.

Sou!

A small black-feathered arrow stabbed into the wash basin. The arrow seemed to be made of bone and suffused a blue luster. It was extremely beautiful.

If Klein had hesitated in any way, he definitely wouldn't have been able to escape this sudden attack!

After rolling for a moment, Klein reached into his pocket and attempted to pull out a few tarot cards.

But at that moment, he felt a gust of wind engulf him. Through the corner of his eyes, he saw a black figure quickly closing in on him at high speeds. It appeared in front of him in an extraordinary pose, as he tightened his foot and kicked out from bottom to top.

Realizing that he couldn't avoid the attack, Klein quickly gave up on his previous intentions and used his elbow to block the attack.

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229: Lesser of Two Evils

Editor: Atlas Studios

Meursault's body lay there, his eyes wide open, as if he still had a murderous look in them.

The wound that had severed half his throat was originally thin, but with the condensation of the Beyonder characteristic, it had expanded by quite a bit and became much more mangled.

At the same time, the phenomenon of incontinence after death made his lower body reek of a stench.

Klein held onto the crimson jelly-like object, feeling troubled about what he should do next.

He had three general choices. The first was to clean up the scene, deal with his wounds, and to report it to the police in the name of legitimate self-defense. The second was to wait deep into night, throw the corpse into some sewer, and pretend that nothing had happened. The third was to immediately give up his current identity, flee to another borough, and change his name again.

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230: Interrogation

Editor: Atlas Studios

Empress Borough. In an unremarkable house.

Xio and Fors took a seat at random and examined the writing on the blackboard. Like always, Mr. A was sitting quietly, alone on the sofa at the front in his hooded robe, looking down at the crowd from a high vantage point.

Sequence 8 Sheriff potion formula. 450 pounds… Xio silently read the familiar content as she inwardly let out of sigh of relief.

The situation she feared the most was the lack of a seller when she had finally amassed the money with great difficulty!

I received 400 pounds from the split, plus my original savings of 150 pounds, that's enough… However, I'd definitely need a huge sum of money for the main ingredient… Ah right, maybe I can change circles and see if there are any Beyonders who are interested in this formula… Xio suddenly felt invigorated, and she realized that she had found a way to make a fortune.

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231: Losses

Editor: Atlas Studios

Klein met Jurgen Cooper in an office at the Rice Police Station. This young senior solicitor was still dressed formally as though he was always ready to go to a posh dinner party.

He wore a black double-breasted attire, a white shirt with a stiff collar, a huge bow tie, and bright leather boots, which made the policemen act very polite to him.

Jurgen held his half top hat and looked at Klein with his blue eyes while saying, "The formalities are over. You can leave if you pay the bail of ten pounds."

"Thank you." Klein didn't say anything more, but followed the good-looking but seemingly old-fashioned Jurgen to the police station's financial affairs office that was nearby, where he fished out his wallet and pulled out two five-pound notes.

He was grateful that he had all his cash—95 pounds—on him, or else he might've had to borrow it from his good neighbor, Jurgen.

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232: The Bravehearts Bar

Editor: Atlas Studios

Who? How did that person know that I purchased the Sheriff recipe? Xio's dark green pupils contracted as she surveyed her surroundings in astonishment, but she didn't see anyone suspiciously watching her.

According to Mr. A, the transactions here should be very safe and confidential here… Finally, Xio couldn't help but look at the single sofa where Mr. A, whose face was covered by a hood, sat. He was still quietly sizing people up without revealing anything odd.

She nudged Fors with her elbow and whispered, "Should I go?"

Fors took the piece of paper, glanced at it, and replied without hesitation, "Go, at least you still have Mr. A watching. No one would dare to do anything to you, so you can take the opportunity to find out what the other party's goal is. Who knows? You might actually obtain the potion materials you want as a result?"

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233: A Man Cannot Be Judged By His Looks

Editor: Atlas Studios

The more he thought about how a living person was playing cards with more than ten corpses in a dimly lit room into the night, the more his scalp tingled.

Klein suppressed his instinctive fear and looked at the pale face, the malicious brown eyes, and the man who was about twenty-eight years old that suffused madness. He pretended to be intimidated by the man's dominance and took a step back. During this time, Kaspars left the room and closed the door.

The man asked in a deep voice, "You're the one looking for a bodyguard?"

"…Yes." Klein gulped deliberately.

The man's strangeness made him feel fear, but it also brought him peace of mind.

The stronger the bodyguard, the safer he would be!

The pale-faced man in the black vest lifted his chin and asked, "Why are you looking for a bodyguard? How much are you willing to pay for this?"

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234: The Night of the Full Moon.

Editor: Atlas Studios

It was the same dream divination, but this time Klein saw more.

The first scene was still the small, dark, squalid room with Ian Wright sleeping soundly on a bunk bed.

The second scene was the same sewer they had both gone to. Ian squatted in front of Zreal's mutilated body, reached out with his hand to rub the two rows of white teeth, and removed one of them.

The third scene was a busy and noisy street. The passersby were all dressed in plain clothes, some of which that could be described as old and tattered.

In the middle of the street, there were gardens and lawns, surrounded by low chimneys that were puffing out smoke. Ian, in his old overcoat and round hat, warily watched as he entered the telegraph office not far from the center of the street. Diagonally across it was the mall entrance to the steam metro.

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235: The Busy Monday

Editor: Atlas Studios

Klein was in no hurry to confirm his general assumptions. He pretended that nothing had happened and turned the page so that it faced him.

The information he wrote about Ian Wright was completely true. He would still get a positive answer even if he used divination techniques to confirm. Therefore, he believed that the people under the ambassador's charge would follow this investigations trail and gain something in return. It was unlikely that they would have the motivation to seek revenge on him for the time being.

Similarly, he would continue to spread the paper out on his desk for the military's special department who were monitoring him. It would direct their attention away from him as they shifted their focus to Ian Wright. It would then be a race against time to find him before the ambassador.

This way, Klein would be even safer.

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236: Internal Commission

Editor: Atlas Studios

As Klein's knowledge of mysticism and Beyonders deepened, as well as his experiments with some of the powers of the space above the gray fog, he no longer felt anxious when facing Justice, The Hanged Man, and The Sun. He became less preoccupied with maintaining an enigmatic and unfathomable image so as to prevent the Tarot Club members from keenly noticing his facade.

He now knew that although the deities in this world were powerful and bizarre, they were by no means omnipotent and omniscient. This description was something that only the legendary Creator of everything could do, one that only the City of Silver was still worshiping.

The deities had their limitations, and the deities could also be put into tough situations. That was something Klein could now confirm. Be it The Book of Storms or The Revelation of Evernight, they more or less touched upon this.

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237: Sequence 2

Editor: Atlas Studios

"29th October. The leader of the Secret Order, Zaratul, visited me once again. He didn't mention anything specific and just casually chatted with me. I wasn't able to guess his true intentions. It seems like he just wanted to strengthen the communication between us and understand each other better?

"I've already met the two High-Sequence Beyonders from the Church, but I felt that Zaratul was much more powerful and mysterious than them, so I asked him what Sequence number he was without much hope, and in the end, he actually answered me!

"He told me that he was a Sequence 2, Miracle Invoker!

"Sequence 2? In the Church's categorization, that's the position of an angel, close to that of a deity!

"He truly is more powerful than the Alchemist and Arcane Scholar that I met before!

"But my intuition tells me that Zaratul isn't telling the whole truth. Sequence 2 might just be his former position, or that he's about to advance.

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238: Dragon of Imagination

Editor: Atlas Studios

Audrey wasn't surprised by The Sun's request. Since the "acting method" had proliferated in the City of Silver, then the amount of time that had passed suggested that it was likely that he was close to the end of his digestion period. Seeking the subsequent potion formula was definitely one of his highest priorities.

I wonder how the Bard acts? Sing poetry every day? When encountering combat, dodge to the side and use his singing to bring courage and strength to his companions? Or perhaps he would first bless himself before charging forward with a hammer or sword raised? I wonder if it will bring about an improvement in his singing ability. If it's possible, then he would definitely be an outstanding singer or opera singer… Audrey thought with great interest. She purposely didn't express her stance in a hurry, so as to not let The Sun raise the price again.

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239: Each Having Their Own "Gathering"

Editor: Atlas Studios

Well, I don't need it anymore, but I can give it to Susie, and I can exchange it for other Beyonder ingredients. Well, Susie's potion is still short of the spinal fluid from a Farsman Rabbit… Some things are easier left to Susie, it's far more convenient for her than for me… Every "famous detective" needs a good assistant. Uh-huh! Audrey quickly made her decision. To her, this was no longer something she particularly cared about.

As she put down the telegram, her pleasure subsided, and the worries of reality began to emerge.

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240: Trying Your Luck?

Editor: Atlas Studios

Good at concocting medicine, treating illnesses, and growing quite a few medicinal herbs in the sewers… Is he an Apothecary? I wonder if he's a member of the Life School of Thought or a believer of Earth Mother? Of course, it's more likely for him to be unaffiliated… Klein listened thoughtfully but didn't speak out carelessly.

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241: Language of Foulness

Editor: Atlas Studios

There was only a single candle that illuminated the room. The atmosphere in the living room was so silent that it was as if everything had frozen.

A few seconds later, the suspected Apothecary finally muttered, "Why don't you leave an address? That way, I can get something out of your body."

He looks like he's cursing me, but he's actually persuading me otherwise… Klein pretended not to understand and said to Black Snake, "I don't have any chance of survival if I don't gamble. There'll be that sliver of hope if I gamble on it.

"I won't sit back and wait for death."

Hearing this, Eye of Wisdom, who was about to say something, shut his mouth because he couldn't offer any other hope.

"I really admire your character!" Black Snake laughed.

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242: Bakerland

Editor: Atlas Studios

Early Tuesday morning, Klein woke up naturally and prepared two slices of toast, a piece of butter, a serving of bacon, and a cup of coffee before leisurely reading a newspaper while having breakfast.

With the terrifying Language of Foulness charm, he was much more at ease. He was no longer as tense as he was before.

Klein finished flipping through the Backlund Bulletin, picked up the Tussock Times, and saw a news article on the second page.

"At two o'clock this morning, there was a fierce gunfight at Red Brick Alley in the East Borough. According to the police, it is suspected to be a clash between two gangs, one of which is the notorious Zmanger gang."

The Zmanger gang… Red Brick Alley in the East Borough… A thought occurred to Klein as he left the dining table and found the map of Backlund.

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243: Catching the Adulterous Act

Editor: Atlas Studios

Wednesday morning, opposite the Coim Company, in the Cherwood Borough.

Klein was sitting on a wooden bench outside the Gardeley department store, clutching a paper bag containing the most famous Cyndi Desi pie in the area with one hand, and holding a cup of iced tea in the other.

Beside him, a tramp was curled up on the other side of the bench, sleeping. Ten minutes later, the mall's security guard woke him up and shooed him away.

Klein wore gold-rimmed spectacles which didn't provide for any vision correction and a silk half top hat. He didn't look much different from most of the gentlemen around him.

He idly looked across the street at the Coim Company, lifted his right hand, and took a large bite of the Cyndi Desi pie. He felt the rich aroma gush out and fill his oral cavity.

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244: Appointee

Editor: Atlas Studios

"What?" Fors touched her earlobes, wondering if she had heard wrongly.

The beautiful, naive, curious, and scatter-brained Miss Audrey actually assigned an assassination mission!?

Furthermore, the target is the ambassador of Intis, a powerful country in the Northern Continent!

Xio was slow on the uptake as she hesitantly said, "Our strength i-isn't enough to complete this mission."

The first thing she considered was the difficulty of the mission!

Audrey ignored her question and allowed her to imagine the reason. She said, with faint dimples showing, "I'm not asking you to take the job. I just wish for you to find a Beyonder with the strength to complete it. For example, Mr. A, I'll pay you 4000 gold pounds for this. Of course, this is only my initial offer. The details are negotiable.

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245: Confirmation

Editor: Atlas Studios

Back home at 15 Minsk Street, Klein was in no hurry to head above the gray fog to perform a divination. Instead, he acted as though nothing had happened.

In the process, he heard an illusory prayer and vaguely recognized it as a woman's voice.

After experiencing the ravaging murmurs of the True Creator, my ability in this aspect has apparently improved a little… Klein turned the newspaper while engrossed in thought and settled himself on the reclining chair in a motionless half-slumped state.

He waited until the clock nearly struck ten, before putting down what he was doing and went to the bathroom on the second floor to clean himself up.

Entering the bedroom and pulling the curtains shut, Klein went above the gray fog. He saw that the crimson star symbolizing Justice was constantly expanding and contracting, and it was also echoing with prayers.

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246: Strange Omen

Editor: Atlas Studios

Aaron and Talim left the Quelaag Club after they separately completed the nomination form. It wasn't a weekend; the former had two more operations in the afternoon, and the latter had to teach Viscount Conrad's youngest son horse-riding. The teenager needed to ensure that he didn't embarrass himself during the Backlund social events in the second half of the year.

Klein watched the valet dressed in a red vest and a maid in a beautiful dress come and go a few times before finally delivering him his own proof of membership and a badge with the symbol of the Frost constellation engraved on it.

"An entry fee of 50 pounds. There are still three and a half months left this year, with an annual fee of 4 pounds a year." The valet in the red vest pushed the two objects to Klein.

Klein took out the 57 pounds which Mary Gale had given him and handed him 54 pounds.

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247: The Whole Story

Editor: Atlas Studios

The figure in the mirror was clear, but it was as though the woman in the black regal dress had never appeared.

Klein secretly activated his Spirit Vision, but didn't find anything.

Did I just hire a female ghost as my bodyguard? She's even stranger than a female ghost… At the very least, one can see ghosts with Spirit Vision… Klein thoughtfully touched Azik's copper whistle in his pocket, feeling nothing but its cold chill. Like before, it didn't have any additional changes.

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248: Waiting From Both Sides

Editor: Atlas Studios

With both sides being aware of the whereabouts of Helmosuin's manuscript, this matter would come to an end tonight… Therefore, the ambassador would have the freedom to take revenge… Is this the reason for the impending danger? Klein gained a rough understanding of the divination results and the inexplicable omen.

If he didn't have the Language of Foulness charm or the powerful bodyguard that cost him 1000 pounds for three days, he would've shamelessly gone to the police station or the Church of the God of Steam and Machinery's headquarters in Backlund, Saint Hierländ Cathedral for a temporary stay. He could avoid any possible attacks and await the assassination of the ambassador. As for how successful the assassination would be, Klein wasn't confident either. He had already considered the worst outcome and had a plan for it.

But now, with the double the preparations, he no longer wanted to avoid it. He would stay at home and pretend that he knew nothing.

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249: The Assassination

Editor: Atlas Studios

Eileen clamped her mouth shut and angrily looked at the thin, smiling face of the ambassador, with a touch of terror.

Bakerland stretched out his right hand which was covered in a plume of orange flames that danced silently.

He took two steps forward, making a gesture as if he was pressing his palm against Eileen's skin.

This made Eileen think of the descriptions in many novels in which cruel interrogators would use red-hot iron to brand their target's body, bringing about an extremely painful experience.

"No, I can't be that brutal to such a beautiful lady." Bakerland suddenly stopped his outstretched right palm and chuckled softly.

He shook suddenly, turning the orange flame into a long red whip.

The long whip ignited the air around it which took on the form of thorns.

Pow!

Bakerland lashed his flaming whip at Eileen, burning her clothes and leaving a dark mark on her skin. Her face contorted as she screamed.

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250: Rich Experience in Courting Death

Editor: Atlas Studios

"Alright." Klein nodded solemnly.

Sergeant Faxine touched his short hair and said, "There are other arrangements. I'll explain them to you in detail, and you can decide on your own."

He cast his gaze towards the living room.

Klein made a polite gesture of invitation, then watched as Sergeant Faxine closed the door behind him, walked over to the sofa, and sat down.

"What are your plans?" Klein kept his coat on, hands still in his pockets.

Faxine leaned forward slightly, clasped his hands, and said, "You should be well aware that you have offended that ambassador. Tonight or tomorrow will be the most dangerous period for you.

"The higher-ups have given you three choices. The first is to go to the Holy Wind Cathedral for two days. I know that you're a believer of the God of Steam and Machinery, but Saint Hierländ Cathedral is too far, and it's easy for trouble to arise on the way there."

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251: Gains

Editor: Atlas Studios

"The potion formulas for the Seer pathway."

…

Klein leaned back in his chair and tried to communicate with the spirit via dream divination.

In a gray illusory world that didn't seem surreal, a gas lamp suddenly lit up, illuminating the stone slabs on the ground and a desk with a goatskin scroll placed on top of it.

After the Seer and Clown formulas appeared one after another, Rosago stood there with a fur shirt, listening to a voice of unknown origins.

"Before the advancement, I have to warn you that you've been too reliant on divination.

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252: Epilogue

Editor: Atlas Studios

As soon as Klein's fingers touched the black eye, he heard illusory sounds as a throbbing pain seared through his head.

But, at the same time, something strange appeared in his vision.

These were countless illusory black threads that spread out from Miss Bodyguard and his own body. They emanated from their bodies, out into the void towards some boundless distance.

This was a scene that would horrify people with trypophobia.

Klein suddenly gritted his teeth, unable to endure the corruptive feeling any longer as he placed the black eye into the iron cigar case.

Everything restored to normal, and the negative side effects he suffered subsided.

Only then did Klein have the energy to make guesses.

Is that the essence of a Marionettist's Beyonder powers?

It allows one to see and control certain threads connecting every person's body and spirit?

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253: Night Thoughts

Editor: Atlas Studios

She really has… quite the character! Klein smiled in response to Miss Bodyguard's reply—a very obvious smile.

Yes, to be able to fend off Rosago, a Marionettist, for a short period of time to the extent of having a seesaw battle; she's most likely a Sequence 5 Beyonder. I wonder what Sequence pathway she belongs to and what her potion name is. Her state is rather unique… If it weren't for her, I wouldn't have even had the chance to use the Language of Foulness… Klein picked up the newspaper beside him and pretended to read, but he was actually thinking.

However, he quickly turned his attention back to the issue of whether there were still loopholes on the matter. For example, the contaminated Beyonder characteristic left behind by Rosago had an intense luster of spirituality. It was very likely that it couldn't be concealed by the iron cigar case alone, so it would be exposed under the prying eyes of others using Spirit Vision.

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254: Various Parties

Editor: Atlas Studios

In Empress Borough, the opulent villa of Earl Hall.

Audrey, with a white napkin covering her, watched as the dining maidservant cut her a piece of bacon, laid out two fully-fried eggs, spread fruit jam on a piece of soft bread, and added sauce to some grilled mushrooms.

In a true noble family, maidservants were divided into many categories. Apart from personal maids, there were maids for the different bedrooms, study room maids, activity room maids, guest room maids, dressing maids, shoe maids, jewelry maids, dining maids, laundry maids, and kitchen maids. They were strictly assigned to their own tasks, with one task handled by one maid.

Although this was a great waste of manpower, for nobles, propriety was everything. Unless there was a large amount of debt, they would never reduce their requirements in such matters.

Audrey took a sip of the brownish-red tea, allowing the faint scent of malt and rose slush in her mouth.

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255: Photography Expert

Editor: Atlas Studios

Huddled in the cupboard, Klein secretly activated his Spirit Vision and saw two interfering auras enter.

"Erica, I brought you a present," A deep voice sounded as the door closed.

As expected, he's a gentleman of the Loen Kingdom. Even in an affair, he seems a little old-fashioned. If it was a man from Intis, he would definitely be shouting "sweetheart," "baby," "angel," and the like… Klein couldn't help but lampoon.

Of course, this was based on the stereotypes from newspapers, magazines, and novels.

Erica Taylor asked in surprise, "Let me guess… Is it Fassman Eye Cream, Face Cream, or Essence? Or Leshini's?"

What the heck are all those… Klein was stunned by what he heard.

It was clear that Doragu Gale wasn't able to react in time either. It took him about eight seconds before he said, "…No, stockings."

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256: Meeting the Apothecary Again

Editor: Atlas Studios

Before leaving the house, Klein tossed a coin to inquire if it was unbeneficial for him to visit the Bravehearts Bar that day.

After receiving a negative result, he looked around before whispering into the air, "Is someone monitoring me today?"

After a few seconds of silence, Miss Bodyguard's ethereal voice suddenly sounded from behind him.

"No."

Klein subconsciously looked back, but he failed to find Miss Bodyguard.

His attention quickly returned to the answer he received as he couldn't help but let out a snicker in his heart.

MI9 isn't even putting me on their suspect list at all!

After confirming that Rosago hadn't sought me out, they completely put me aside.

Should I feel honored or insulted?

It's true that a detective that busies himself looking for cats has no way of being associated with the assassination of an ambassador or getting rid of a Sequence 5 expert…

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257: "2-081"

Editor: Atlas Studios

…*What a godlike reason*… After hearing the Apothecary's answer, Klein was unable to control the changes in his expression despite being a Clown. Fortunately, he was wearing an iron mask over his face.

The Apothecary didn't notice the reactions Klein and Eye of Wisdom had, and he began to let his hair down.

"That's why I really like Backlund. There are a lot of prostitutes prowling the streets, hanging outside music halls, theaters, waiting in the streets and alleys. They're either professionals or working part-time. They were originally maidservants or workers, each with different flavors. It's said that in places in the West Borough, bankrupt aristocratic ladies might occasionally appear. That's really something to look forward to."

"…" Klein nudged the iron mask that covered his face upwards and quickly changed the topic. "Did your teacher have any objections to your choice?"

The Apothecary shook his head slightly.

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258: Murder Case

Editor: Atlas Studios

The concrete road had turned dirty from prolonged rain. Two gas lamps, the height of an adult male, along the two sides of the road emitted a bright but misty light due to the moisture on the glass.

A rental carriage drove through the night as the surrounding pedestrians either wore hats or carried umbrellas.

Klein leaned against the wall, idly admiring the evening streets of Backlund.

At that moment, he suddenly felt the temperature inside the carriage drop significantly. A gloomy and cold wind was swirling about.

Klein jerked his head around and saw that Miss Bodyguard, dressed in a black Gothic regal dress, was sitting opposite him without him even realizing it.

Her voice was ethereal and dreamy.

"That Eye of Wisdom sensed my presence."

As expected… Klein nodded, unsurprised. "He has several mystical items; perhaps he sensed you because of them. I even suspect that he has an organization behind him."

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259: Underground Structure

Editor: Atlas Studios

After signing a contract with Millet Carter and receiving an advance payment of ten pounds, Klein didn't rush to Williams Street immediately. Instead, he made an appointment for four in the afternoon.

Millet was understanding with regard to this. Alone, Detective Sherlock Moriarty definitely had to recruit people to carry out the exploration.

When the old gentleman left, Klein immediately returned to the dining table and cut the steak which had turned cold before wolfing it down.

Seriously, doesn't he need to eat lunch? Why must he pick such a time to come… After barely filling his stomach, Klein bitterly began cleaning up.

At two o'clock in the afternoon, Mrs. Mary arrived as scheduled. Her eyes were slightly red and puffy, but her face was turning gloomy. Stelyn Sammer, who accompanied her, had no choice but to maintain her silence.

Klein handed over an envelope containing his carefully chosen photo.

"Madam, please confirm it."

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260: Strange Statues

Editor: Atlas Studios

The history circles of the Northern Continent countries all recognized that the Fourth Epoch was shrouded in thick mystery. It was impossible to tell what it truly was.

The historical records had too many missing pieces and ambiguities for this period of history. There were too few tombs, ancient cities, and literature, that had been unearthed to create an effective confirmation.

However, this didn't mean that no one had done the relevant research. Its rarity implied that there were still some relics and information left behind.

The original Klein was a fanatic towards the history of the Fourth Epoch. He often read journal articles and books, so even now, Klein still remembered a lot of content.

Whether it was the Solomon Empire, Tudor Empire, or Trunsoest Empire, they all had similar architectural styles, architectural styles that went against common sense—they were disorderly, asymmetrical, and they stood out for their frequent use of black.

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261: The Innermost Room

Editor: Atlas Studios

When he was out of the room, Klein carefully held his cane and lantern in the same hand, leaving his left hand free so that he could retrieve the contents of his pocket as quickly as possible in the event there was a sudden turn of events.

Inside, there were charms, Azik's copper whistle, some tarot cards, and apart from the remaining Rosago's characteristic, the All-Black Eye, his pocket contained all the means available to him.

Klein and Miss Bodyguard had barely taken a step to the side when the light of the lantern illuminated the emblem on the door next to them. It was a simple drawing of a baby surrounded by the symbols of wheat, flowers, and spring water.

"The Sacred Emblem of Earth Mother…" Klein said in a solemn voice.

As a former Nighthawk, one of his basic skills was being able to distinguish the symbols of other churches.

Miss Bodyguard nodded slightly, as though to confirm this.

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262: Dream

Editor: Atlas Studios

In the cold and gloomy hall, Klein suddenly shivered. He retracted his gaze and said to Miss Bodyguard, "Let's return."

From the way Azik's copper whistle reacted, it's likely that the room contains a terrifying evil spirit. Its danger level is highly likely to be above that of Marionettist Rosago and Vice Admiral Hurricane Qilangos… It's been roaming these confines for centuries to thousands of years. Perhaps it's already equivalent to a High-Sequence Beyonder. If it wasn't for its experiencing difficulties in letting its powers escape the room, I would already be dead… Even if Miss Bodyguard is a powerful Sequence 5, there's no hope of us turning the tides of battle with our powers combined… One needs to be aware of one's strength. I cannot be enticed by the suspected Beyonder characteristics and mystical items left in there… Greed often leads to death… Klein silently came up with a reason to convince himself.

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263: Spiritual Perception and Attempt

Editor: Atlas Studios

Under the dim crimson moonlight, Klein pulled back his blanket and got up.

For a Seer, putting weight on dreams was a basic requirement, and the dream he just had could never be dismissed as a simple nightmare.

Dressed in relatively comfortable clothes, he came before the full-body mirror and said in a low voice, "I dreamed of the blood-stained door in that room."

Miss Bodyguard's figure slowly outlined itself above the mirror. She replied expressionlessly, "The influence of the evil spirit's aura.

"It will gradually weaken until it disappears."

Is that so… Klein nodded slightly and returned to the side of the bed. He picked up the gold pocket watch and popped it open.

Seeing that it was still early, he lay back down to sleep. This time, he no longer encountered the same dream as before.

Sunday morning the next day, in high spirits, Klein made himself a soft-boiled egg to go with buttered bread.

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264: A Five-Person Gathering

Editor: Atlas Studios

If "The Fool" signified the beginning of the tarot club, then "The World" signified the end, a perfect ending of a cycle and sublimation. Klein had named his smurf "The World" because he hoped that it would lead to a beautiful beginning and end.

In the future, I'll be able to make The World make requests or do things that wouldn't be convenient for me. This will greatly reduce the possibility that my image as Mr. Fool will collapse. With an alt, no—a smurf truly is what makes life complete! Klein sighed in relief and waved The World away.

Following that, he spread out his spirituality, wrapped himself, and stimulated a descent into the gray fog and returned to the real world.

He had left Rosago's All-Black Eye above the gray fog. After all, he couldn't usually use the "item" anyway, and he had to constantly worry about having it discovered by others or losing it.

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265: Cards of Blasphemy

Editor: Atlas Studios

"Floren said that the history of the Sauron family exceeds two thousand years, making it longer than even the Church of the God of Craftsmanship's history. They witnessed all the cooperation and strife, light and darkness, in the Fourth Epoch, and they have survived until this very day. Other than the Augustus family of Loen, the Einhorn family of Feysac, and the Castiya family of Feynapotter, the other powerful families that have been deemed their equal, such as the Antigonus family and the Zaratul family, have been relegated as vestiges of history, or have turned to nothing but rats in the sewers, hiding from the public as shady existences.

"He said that making me his subordinate—a subordinate of the ancient and glorious Sauron family—is a gift to me.

"Back then, I wanted to f**k all eight generations of his ancestors.

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266: The World's Commission

Editor: Atlas Studios

Sequence 0?

There's still a Sequence 0 above Sequence 1?

Sequence 0 is equivalent to a True God?

There can only be one Sequence 0 per pathway? Is this the true meaning of the paths of the divine?

As long as one consumes the corresponding potion, does a ritual, and grasps the acting method to digest the Beyonder characteristic, an ordinary person can become a god one step at a time?

This is truly blasphemous…

Could the main ingredients of the final potion be the godhood, divine blood, and body of the Eternal Blazing Sun?

…

The information on the diary's last page was filled with so much information that Klein almost couldn't think. He almost made additional body movements.

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267: Singing to the Same Tune

Editor: Atlas Studios

The World looked around and said, "I want to get information about all the abject nobles in the Loen Kingdom, including their current addresses. The more details, the better."

He didn't directly mention Baronet Pound since Detective Sherlock Moriarty was currently handling an investigation regarding an underground structure that involved the Pound family.

Klein didn't want Justice to "figure out" The World's identity through this connection.

I can't ignore any details! He emphasized to himself.

Audrey stared blankly upon hearing that. She once again examined the member at the end of the long bronze table and probed, "What do you want to do?"

The World laughed with a hoarse voice. "That's not something you need to worry about. I'm only searching for some things. I won't do them any harm. I can swear on this point and allow Mr. Fool to bear witness."

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268: The Cemetery and the Hospital

Editor: Atlas Studios

When the steam metro arrived at the southern bank of the Tussock River, Klein rented a carriage and headed to the Aston Cemetery on the outskirts of the South Borough, which was managed by the Church of the God of Steam and Machinery.

Under the darkness of dusk, the trees around the cemetery seemed to bare their fangs and brandish their claws, blocking out the light like monsters lurking in the darkness.

After the carriage driver took the 4 soli Klein paid, he looked at the cemetery and muttered, "Do you need me to wait here for you?"

"No, there's no need. I'm here to visit a friend." Klein came up with an excuse, and he immediately noticed the change in the driver's face.

This is a cemetery… to visit a friend with the sky already dark… The driver could hear his own heart thumping.

Klein jolted to his senses, smiled, and added, "He's the tomb keeper here."

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269: Clues to the Psychology Alchemists

Editor: Atlas Studios

On the outskirts of Empress Borough, in a wide, empty horse track.

Audrey Hall deliberately led a chestnut mare to a corner and pretended to discuss something with Viscount Glaint.

She was wearing white pants and knee-high black boots, adorned with a simple blouse and a black jacket that reached her waist. In addition, she donned a helmet of the same color. She looked especially valiant and beautiful, and Susie, her golden retriever, was obediently sitting by her feet. What seemed like a tiny leather satchel hung from her back.

Disguised as Viscount Glaint's servant, Xio glanced enviously at Audrey's long, straight legs, and unconsciously tiptoed.

"Just horse-riding is so blasé. Only when it is combined with hunting does it become imbued with life. Of course, I mean the equestrian skills for men. No matter what a beautiful lady does, it would still be a sight to behold," Glaint sized up Audrey and said half-jokingly.

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270: Reporter

Editor: Atlas Studios

Bang! Bang! Bang!

Holding onto a revolver that he rented from the Quelaag Club with one hand, Klein pulled the trigger repeatedly, hitting the bullseye accurately, with the worst shot hitting the 8 ring.

By feeding his practice with live bullets, along with the superhuman control that he had after becoming a Clown, his marksmanship was considered rather excellent.

If I continue practicing for a few months, I could even be considered a sharpshooter… Klein unloaded the revolver in satisfaction and cleared the empty shells. They fell to the ground noisily as he looked at Talim Dumont with a smile.

"Are you satisfied?"

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271: Golden Rose

Editor: Atlas Studios

19 Hope Street, Cherwood Borough.

This area was located close to the Tussock River which went through Backlund. Pedestrians could see the turbid but unusually wide water surface through the cracks and crevices in their houses.

The Daily Observer reporter, Mike Joseph, alighted the carriage and pointed at a three-story, grayish-blue building ahead of them. He said to Klein, who was standing next to him and wearing a black double-breasted frock coat and a half top hat and gold-rimmed glasses, "That's the Golden Rose, the best legal brothel in the area of the Backlund Bridge, as well as Cherwood Borough. It opens at three in the afternoon and stays open until two in the morning."

The best legal brothels in the Cherwood and Backlund Bridge regions? In other words, there are better ones in these two regions but they're illegal? Klein silently mused and shot a glance at the entrance which had an inlaid golden rose. It didn't hang any signboards.

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272: Observing Each Other

Editor: Atlas Studios

Detective? A colleague… However, the fact that he's able to assist the police in dealing with such a serious case shows that he truly is a well-known detective, at least within Sivellaus Yard… Eh, isn't the serial killer involved in devil worship supposed to be handed over to the Nighthawks, Mandated Punishers, or the Machinery Hivemind? All the police department needs to do is send a few assistants, so why would they need to seek the help of a private detective?

Yes, the eleven serial murders must've caused a sensation. Sivellaus Yard is under a lot of pressure, and they aren't willing to just wait in misery?

Many thoughts flashed through Klein's mind, but on the surface, he revealed a smile.

"Alright."

He boarded Isengard Stanton's rented carriage and saw a young man with brown hair inside.

"This is my assistant," Isengard, who had a thin and angular face, introduced. "Please, have a seat."

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273: Handing Out A Formula

Editor: Atlas Studios

Wednesday night, five minutes to eight. In an alley behind Bravehearts Bar.

Klein circled around for a while based on his memories before finally finding the house with the dark candlelights.

He was disguised today in a grayish-blue worker's uniform, cap, and a beard so that no one would connect him to the guy who had tried his luck by buying Black Snake's item.

It would be best if Eye of Wisdom and the Apothecary don't recognize me. Otherwise, a newbie who had relied on luck to become a Beyonder and was able to come up with several potions after a week would definitely be suspicious. Klein put his hands in his pockets and felt for Azik's copper whistle, the ordinary tarot cards, and the charms he had replenished.

His uniform was specially modified by a tailor. There were many small pockets with metal bottles filled with herbs powder and extract essence.

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274: Beyonder Weapon

Editor: Atlas Studios

The woman with the hooded face looked around her and said, "The two weapons this time are easy to carry around.

"One of them is the Whip of Slowness. It's a replica of a particular mystical item. It can constantly create formless restraints, influencing your opponent bit by bit, slowing down his actions gradually. The longer you last in battle, the more effective it would be.

"It can still be used for two years. 450 pounds, or the potion formula for Barbarian."

This whip sounds pretty good, and it feels like the spider silk ability of the Demoness of Pleasure… However, would it seem a little strange for Little Sun to use a whip? Klein asked in a hoarse voice, "Can this invisible binding effect affect spirit-type creatures? For example, wraiths?"

The lady shook her head slowly. "No."

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275: Pound Family

Editor: Atlas Studios

"Dear Mr. Fool, please tell Mr. World that I'll try to gather the Mist Treant's true root and juice as soon as possible."

After receiving The Sun's reply, Klein nodded indiscernibly and muttered to himself, "From the looks of it, he's rather satisfied with the weapon.

"Even without the additional effects from the environment, the Axe of Hurricane is still quite a formidable weapon."

He had passed the information regarding the Beyonder weapon's characteristics and limitations to The Sun. He didn't describe it directly in order to avoid sounding naggy. He needed to maintain his image.

After doing all of this, Klein didn't stay any longer and immediately returned to the real world, changed his clothes, and left Black Palm Street.

…

East Borough, Dharavi Street, in a cramped but lively pub.

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276: Rafter Pound

Editor: Atlas Studios

Sivellaus Prefecture was located west of the Loen Kingdom, across the Hornacis mountain range from the Intis Republic. And in Backlund, there was a street named after it, on the edge of Empress Borough, where the headquarters of the capital's police department was located.

Many people chose to settle down here for the peace of mind, and Rafter Pound was one of them.

The baronet stood by the closed window in his warm activity room at Unit 29, in his cotton quilted pajamas, staring diagonally across the street at Sivellaus Yard.

He was in his early forties, but the sides of his hair had turned white. He had puffy eyes and clear wrinkles on his face. His body constantly emitted the smell of alcohol.

On the floor behind Rafter lay some torn lingerie, and opposite it was a burning fireplace.

The baronet raised his glass and gulped the rest of the liquid in it. Then, he walked slowly to the door and returned to his bedroom to get some sleep.

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277: Finalizing a Plan

Editor: Atlas Studios

"Rafter Pound's future."

Klein held onto the baronet's hair, closed his eyes, and entered a deep slumber with the help of Cogitation.

In the gray gloomy world, he saw a narrow, irregular cave. Rafter Pound, with his puffy eye bags and gray hair at his temples, was propping himself up on his elbows, crawling forward like a reptile to leave the hole.

Then, with a flash, he retrieved a black iron emblem of unknown origins and wore it on his chest.

The emblem had a scepter carved on it, as well as a hand that was holding onto the scepter tightly!

"Tudor!" Klein jerked out of the dream and sat up.

According to Miss Bodyguard's introduction, the black iron emblem was engraved with the imperial coat of arms of the Fourth Epoch's Tudor Empire royal household!

It was identical to the one he had seen in the ancient structure!

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278: Free?

Editor: Atlas Studios

After dinner, in the billiard room of the Bravehearts Bar.

Dressed in a simple black coat and a dark cap, Klein held a glass of Southvill beer, closed the door behind him, and walked over to Kaspars, who was bent over the table, trying to hit the ball.

Before he could muster a smile and say hello, Kaspars stopped what he was doing, straightened up, and glanced at him.

"Maric isn't here.

"There are no other gatherings you want.

"I have nothing but weapons."

…Very familiar with what I want… Fortunately, I have a different goal today… Klein curled the corner of his lips and said, "I'm here to buy weapons."

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279: Extreme Joy Begets Sorrow

Editor: Atlas Studios

In the dark underground structure, Klein walked around the hall with a raised lantern in his hand. He thoroughly checked to see if there were any other entrances. Of course, he didn't dare enter the tunnel that led to the innermost room, and the newly gathered snakes were, once again, blown away by a biting cold wind.

After receiving confirmation, he took the initiative to retreat to the side of the gate, where he watched, along with the three zombies, as Sharron placed explosives at different locations.

"She looks very professional." Klein sighed softly.

And without a doubt, the three zombies didn't respond to his musings.

However, there was a reason for this. He kept using his spirituality to wrap Azik's copper whistle so as to shield against its negative effects; otherwise, he would've encountered their abnormally passionate "response."

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280: The First Step

Editor: Atlas Studios

In a corner of East Borough.

A drunken Zeon faced the wall, pulled off his pants, and began watering the moss in comfort.

When he was done, someone suddenly patted his shoulder.

Zeon couldn't help but shiver a few times. He picked up his pants and half turned to see a short boy in a canvas jacket and cap.

The "boy" raised his head, revealing a mild and delicate face despite looking dirty.

"Xio? Why are you dressed like that?" Zeon blurted out in surprise.

Xio put her index finger to her lips to indicate the need for silence.

Then, she suppressed her voice and said, "I'll ask and you answer. Keep your voice down."

Astonished by her awe-inspiring presence, Zeon could only nod.

"Which of the guys, that Williams knew, have died within the past two days?" Xio asked in a low voice.

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281: Clue

Editor: Atlas Studios

In the suburbs west of North Borough, in a soon-to-be-abandoned three-story house.

It originally belonged to the Backlund Medical School, but the latter's main campus had now moved to a better and more suitable location, leaving behind only a small number of teaching staff and students who were left "guarding" the area after failing to graduate.

Audrey was wearing a white gown and white mask. Her smooth blonde hair was also coiled up and stuffed under a cool-colored surgical cap.

She darted her eyes to the side and looked at Fors Wall who was dressed in the same way. She always felt that Fors had a special temperament that seemed to make her more suited to such attires than herself.

Eh… It's the kind of temperament that allows her to pick up a scalpel and cut open a patient's stomach at any moment… Audrey didn't say anything. She followed half a step behind Fors as they entered the classroom in front of them.

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282: This is East Borough

Editor: Atlas Studios

Inside the soon-to-be abandoned medical school building, Audrey suddenly felt adrift as she took a detour to leave the gathering which had just ended. She saw the familiar thick gray fog and the blurry figure situated in the center high above.

"This is a clue."

Accompanying Mr. Fool's solemn voice were scenes that looked like a film reel, a colored one at that!

A man who wasn't particularly muscular but was nearly two meters tall in height was wearing a black priest robe and standing in the shadows. His light yellow hair was slightly curled, and his dark brown eyes were cold with malice. The corners of his mouth drooped slightly, making him look like a ferocious wolf.

A clue? A clue to the bombing on East Borough's Dharavi Street and Gavin's drowning? Is this the murderer? Audrey stared blankly for a moment before immediately coming to an understanding.

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283: Dock Union

Editor: Atlas Studios

Xio has been in the bounty hunter business for a very long time. Many things were done on instinct without any thought.

When she saw the patron who entered was nearly two meters tall, she instinctively lowered her head and continued to eat her pork sausage and French fries as if nothing had happened.

Although the food entered her mouth, Xio didn't taste it at all. She endured dozens of painful seconds before she slowly raised her head and pretended to look around casually.

Soon, she saw that the patron who had just entered was sitting in front of the bar counter, waiting for his booze and lunch.

Soft, curly pale yellow hair, dark brown beast-like eyes, a slightly drooping mouth, an aura of solitude and malevolence… Little by little, the details came into Xio's eyes, overlapping with the image in her head.

It's him!

It's the suspected murderer!

The man who killed Williams!

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284: Instinctive Trembling

Editor: Atlas Studios

Three in the afternoon at the Dock Union in East Balam Dock.

Klein wore a thick sweater, a tan jacket, and a simple cap that brought him closer to the usual investigative reporters in style rather than the ones who attended banquets and interviewed people of status from time to time. Such a costume had cost him an extra 1 pound 10 soli.

At that moment, he was wearing gold-rimmed glasses, and his hair was neatly combed back, gleaming with the luster of hair oil. His face no longer had a messy beard, so he could only plaster a deep-black stubble around his lips. His height was at least five centimeters taller than before. He was trying his best to look different from the worker from last night, making it impossible for anyone who wasn't particularly familiar with him to make any associations.

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285: Midnight Clock Tower

Editor: Atlas Studios

Audrey, who had set up an urgent communication method with Xio and Fors, quickly passed on Mr. Fool's message to the two ladies through the huge golden retriever, Susie, claiming that the information she had received came via other sources.

In the corner of an old church, as Xio was thinking about how to confirm Lanevus's identity, or how she should create chaos and avenge Williams, she unfolded the ball of paper.

…*There's no need to confirm. He's Lanevus?* Xio's eyes widened as she quickly skimmed through the rest of the paper's content. The piece of paper clearly wrote:

"The only choice is to notify the Church of Evernight.

"Alert them that Lanevus has the godhood of the True Creator on him."

"Godhood? The True Creator's godhood?" Xio blurted out as she looked at the golden retriever in front of her in shock, only to realize that she was equally dumbfounded.

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286: A Taunting Smile

Editor: Atlas Studios

In the clock tower of East Balam Dock, Klein hid in the darkness while donning a clown mask as he quietly stared at the dormitory of the Dock Union. An airship floated above.

He couldn't see the details of the battle, and he had no way of knowing the developments of the operation in the red-brick building. All he could do was endure and determine the situation by observing the changes in the surroundings and the occasional black dot that passed by.

Just then, he saw all the gas lamps in the area extinguish.

All of them had been extinguished!

It was pitch black there!

Right on the heels of that, a feeling that left an extremely deep impression on him exploded from the small red-brick building. Even from a long distance away, Klein couldn't help but tremble all over; his legs went soft, and he bent his waist.

It was the feeling of being looked down upon, a feeling that repressed one's spirit.

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287: Death Battle

Editor: Atlas Studios

The moment their eyes met, Lanevus suddenly ducked and rolled forward.

Clang!

A tarot card, with an angel and trumpet, shot out sharply like a dagger, embedding itself into the wall of the sewer, and its position was at the same height as Lanevus's neck just moments before.

Clang! Clang! Clang!

Lanevus either rolled, jumped to his side, or threw himself forward, nimbly avoiding the three cards that came in succession with abnormal agility. Their collision with the walls, slabs, and concrete echoed like metal striking a wall.

Meanwhile, out of the corner of his eye, he saw that the man in the clown mask was following him closely, not much slower than he was. In his hand was a thick stack of cards as he launched them with great familiarity and skill.

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288: A Scene Filled with Symbolism

Editor: Atlas Studios

In the dark sewer, Klein wiped his neck and turned his attention back to Lanevus's cracked head and decapitated body before turning to the two tarot cards that were stuck in Lanevus's eyes.

He originally wanted to retrieve all the projectiles that he had thrown and wipe the scene of any clues. However, he realized a very real and extremely serious problem.

He didn't have the vision to see in complete darkness.

He had relied on his Spirit Vision to rush through the pitch black sewers and engage in the intense battle with Lanevus!

He could see the colors of Lanevus's aura, the spirituality radiance of all sorts of critters, and could faintly use the lights "illumination" to distinguish the path.

Unfortunately, the tarot cards he was currently using weren't the same as the ones that had originated from the Nighthawks. It didn't have any spirituality or silver engravings, and it was completely ordinary with no special characteristics.

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289: Conjecture and Investigation

Editor: Atlas Studios

Audrey, who thought she knew the truth, couldn't help but imagine the scene described by Viscount Glaint.

Lanevus lying in the mud in the darkness, covered with rows and rows of tarot cards. There's The Fool, Justice, The Hanged Man, The Sun, The World, and the other Major Arcana cards and numerous numbered cards. They would either be overturned or facing right up, and there would be some left unturned, exposing only their backs, as if they were all part of a large-scale, eerie tarot divination.

This kind of scene must be very shocking!

I wonder where the card for Justice landed…

How would the Beyonders of MI9 and the Church view this matter? Would they believe that a new secret organization has appeared?

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290: Effecting Change Indirectly

Editor: Atlas Studios

I remember that the simple mission given by Mr. Fool was for the sole purpose of examining two people for their candidacy of joining the gathering. The general idea was to find the person in the portrait, and that person was confirmed to be in Backlund… Alger Wilson tried to remember what had happened the last gathering, and he couldn't understand what it had to do with the hotbed of an evil god's descent.

Wasn't it just the search for someone?

Furthermore, it was the kind of task which didn't pose much of a threat…

Was there a deeper purpose behind Mr. Fool's simple mission? Was this a silent contest between deities?

Many thoughts went through The Hanged Man's mind instantly, and he almost couldn't stop himself from asking Justice, tempted to pay in order to understand what exactly was going on.

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291: Seller and Notary In One

Editor: Atlas Studios

High probability of appearing… Klein controlled The World and made him laugh deeply.

"Yes, I really don't have the potion formula for Wind-blessed, nor will I have the means to obtain it anytime soon.

"However, I have an incomplete formula for a Sequence 4 potion.

"Even though it's incomplete, I think you should know its value very well. It can be exchanged for at least 10,000 gold pounds, and most of the time, you can't even buy it with money worth several times that. This is a crucial step that will lead to a human's qualitative change.

"So, are you interested? The spinal fluid of a Dark Patterned Black Panther is worth between 500 and 700 pounds and the Spring of the Elves Marrow Crystal is between 300 and 400 pounds. I believe you'll still need to prepare an additional 9,000 pounds in cash or an item of equal value."

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292: Exchanging News

Editor: Atlas Studios

Audrey was interested in the pirate admiral and asked, "What's his name? What was his current title? There hasn't been any related news in Backlund."

Alger nodded slowly.

"She's a lady and was a famous pirate in the past. You should've heard of Ailment Maiden Tracy, right?"

"No, I don't know much about such things." Audrey shook her head in honesty.

Me too… Sitting at the end of the table, Klein added inwardly.

Alger fell silent for two seconds, and without wasting any time explaining, he said, "In short, she subdued the crew of Qilangos's crew last month. She proved herself with actual action that she had the strength of a pirate admiral. She changed the name of Qilangos's ship to Black Death and calls herself Vice Admiral Ailment.

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293: Derrick's Worry

Editor: Atlas Studios

The Fallen Creator? Derrick frowned immediately.

The residents of the City of Silver had always believed in the "omnipotent and omniscient God, the Lord that created everything"; therefore, when he heard a similar name with the word "fallen" tagged to it, he couldn't help but instinctively reject and feel uncomfortable about the notion.

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294: Admiral of Stars

Editor: Atlas Studios

Ring! Ring!

Klein circled the lawn behind Leppard's house a few times on the bicycle the inventor had just completed.

"It's not bad, it's just as I expected, but there's no need to make a lone-standing bell. The cyclist won't be able to free a hand when they encounter a situation. You can combine the bell to the handle. This will make it simpler and more adequate for situational developments." Klein's right hand clasped the brake tight, slowing the bike down to a stop.

Meanwhile, he placed the bell in his left hand back to its original spot.

Leppard thought for a moment.

"Yes, that's right. I was simply imitating the ringing bells of the carriages and forgot that this is a brand new mode of transportation."

At this point, he looked at Klein, who was getting off the bike with great familiarity, as he placed it on a rack.

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295: All Ingredients Gathered

Editor: Atlas Studios

Audrey had always had a subconscious understanding that a Rainbow Salamander = the Rainbow Salamander's pituitary gland = the size of one's palm. To her, it would be something soft with grooves, a Beyonder ingredient which constantly changed in color.

So, what did that have to do with the three-meter-long colossus in front of her?

For a moment she was confused, but when she heard Susie's yelp, she snapped to her senses. She pretended to be satisfied with the result and said to the butler, "This is exactly the animal specimen I need.

"Um… It's just a little bigger than I thought, just a little.

"Take the servants and move them to the warehouse. I'll study it when I'm free."

"Yes, Miss!" Then, the butler immediately instructed the nearby valets who were furtively looking at their mistress.

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296: Magician

Editor: Atlas Studios

He took two steps forward and passed the coffee table. Klein stretched his body and shook his wrist, but he found nothing unusual.

He looked at the gas lamps outside the oriel window which illuminated the darkness and gloominess and said to himself thoughtfully, *My hands are more agile and I'm more nimble. Even if I don't have Beyonder powers, as long as I work hard enough, I can become a top magician.*

This was his first impression of his own transformation.

And just like what was recorded in the Nighthawk records, if a potion provided a specific magical power, then the Beyonder would become aware of it after ingesting it. They would grasp the specific details as though the corresponding knowledge would be injected and imprinted into the mind through a mysterious method.

Just now, my head nearly exploded… Klein smiled and shook his head, carefully recalling what he had felt and the corresponding magical spells.

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297: The Full Moon's Ravings

Editor: Atlas Studios

Klein had just put on his double-breasted frock coat, picked up his half top hat, and was walking toward the door when he heard a series of illusory prayers.

Who is it? He frowned slightly and listened, but he could only confirm that the supplicant was a woman and that her voice was staccato, as though she were in great pain.

Since he had nothing particularly urgent to tend to, the newly-advanced Magician, Klein, casually tossed his half top hat onto the coat rack accurately, and he returned to his bedroom. After taking four steps counterclockwise, he entered the majestic palace.

This time, he didn't see any illusory star expanding or contracting with a deep red glow. Instead, at the end of the ancient, mottled bronze table, by the side of The Fool's seat was a clear radiance rippling out.

It's a prayer from a non-Tarot Club member… Is it Xio or that lady with curly brown hair? Klein speculated as he took his seat.

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298: Another Case

Editor: Atlas Studios

Fors's eyelashes fluttered a few times before she slowly opened her eyes, only to find herself lying on the floor of her living room. Through the window, she saw that the bright moon was hanging high in the sky like a crimson disk. The normally thin and blurry chiffon seemed to turn into rich bloody light.

I'm not dead, I didn't lose control… It wasn't a dream just now… I really was saved by a mysterious and powerful Mr. Fool… When Fors sat up and examined herself, she saw that there was nothing unusual about the rest of her body except that her hair had grown longer and denser.

But my life is completely different from before… I don't know if this is good or bad… Silently mumbling to herself, Fors sat on the ground hugging her knees whilst lost in thought. Her mind would sometimes wander off, and at times, she would be anxious, sad, or confused.

…

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299: Snapping Fingers

Editor: Atlas Studios

West Borough, Grimm Garden Street

Klein, with a quite a stubble around his mouth, wore a pair of gold-rimmed glasses while carrying a top hat and a black cane. He followed Rogo Colloman into a spacious and bright living room.

There was a huge crystal chandelier hanging from the ceiling. The walls, corners, and tables were decorated with all kinds of golden carvings and ornaments. The entire area looked gorgeous, exquisite, and luxurious.

As expected of a jewelry businessman, a businessman staying in West Borough… Klein scanned the oil paintings by the side and sighed.

With every step Rogo took, the fat on his body quivered. It left people maliciously wondering when his clothes and pants would snap.

However, as a jewelry businessman, he had enough money to buy clothes of the best quality.

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300: Spirit Dance

Editor: Atlas Studios

"What exactly happened?" Adol muttered this question softly and realized that he couldn't remember what he had done the past few days.

He looked around dreamily, frightened, panicked, and confused.

"Who are you?

"Where is this place?"

"This is your washroom. Don't you recognize it? I'm a private detective in charge of protecting you." Klein looked at the teenage boy who hadn't figured out the situation around him and chuckled in response.

"My house… Detective to protect me… What exactly happened…" Adol looked around in astonishment and murmured to himself.

Suddenly, he stopped; his already pale face filled with unconcealable fear.

"M-maybe there really are ghosts in this world! There really are ghosts!"

His voice was shaky, but Klein could hear two completely different feelings from his voice—fear and excitement—and these were perfectly depicted by the color of his emotions.

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301: Awakening

Editor: Atlas Studios

Meow!

The black cat's cry echoed in the open area that was surrounded by the secluded forest. Regardless of whether it was the adult black-robed man or the fifteen-or sixteen-year-old boys and girls, all of them simultaneously cast their gaze onto the corpse lying in the middle.

A gust of cold wind blew, and the black cat landed on the ground, staring at the human who had just thrown it. It kept flicking its tail around.

All of a sudden, its fur stood on end again. Then, exerting great force with its hind limbs, it jumped up and fled in another direction.

Unfortunately, whatever it did had failed to attract any attention. All the humans present had their attention focused on the motionless corpse.

Seconds turned to minutes, but the corpse didn't undergo any anticipated changes.

"Another failure?" One of the teenagers moved closer and crouched down, poking at the dead man's skin with his fingers.

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302: A Clue

Editor: Atlas Studios

The detective, who had been on leave, returned to Grimm Garden Street shortly after Klein and the others had finished their lunch. This also meant that his assignment was over.

Due to the visible improvement in Adol's situation, Rogo Colloman was quite generous in the settlement of his pay, and he paid an additional fifty percent above the ten pounds which they had agreed upon.

As expected of a jewelry businessman to be this generous. However, compared to the other people in West Borough and Empress Borough, he isn't considered that rich. Grimm Garden Street is close to the suburbs, and it's not too far from the cemetery. I can reach it in ten minutes if I run at full speed… Eh, Miss Bodyguard, no—Miss Sharron, is highly likely of being a Sequence 5 Beyonder. She charges one thousand pounds for three days, while I, as a Sequence 7 Beyonder, am only worth fifteen pounds a day. There's still a big difference…

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303: Rookie

Editor: Atlas Studios

North Borough, Aulka Street.

Kapusky Reid was sitting in a reclining chair in his activity room, lost in thought. In front of him was a fireplace burning with charcoal.

As a senior educator at a public school, he received a salary of more than four pounds a week, which was enough for a bachelor like him to live quite well, but the clothes he wore at home were patched up, and the teacups on the table looked extremely simple.

Without taking off his wig, the most striking thing about Kapusky was his high cheekbones and puffed-up chest—a deformity in which the sternum protruded outwards.

On his knee was a book of poems in ancient Feysac, but he hadn't flipped a single page even after some time had passed.

Kapusky's eyes were unfocused as he stared blankly when he suddenly heard a light chuckle in his ear.

"I'm very curious as to why you didn't run and chose to remain at home. Aren't you afraid of the police coming for you?"

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304: Feathers

Editor: Atlas Studios

White Feathers?

Looking at the corpseless grave, Klein suddenly thought of a word: "Angel!"

In the canon of the seven major Churches, they were filled with legends of Angels and Saints. The former had one characteristic—a pair of pure white wings on its back, and as many as two, three, or even six pairs of pure white wings.

However, in the blink of an eye, Klein remembered something else

Mr. Azik had once described his dream to him—one that seemed to indicate his different lives.

One of the scenes was inside a dark mausoleum. There were many opened ancient coffins beside him, and in the coffins, there were corpses with white feathers growing from their backs!

Is this a special characteristic of the Death pathway, or a strange phenomenon caused by the Numinous Episcopate? Klein didn't say a word as he restrained his emotions and calmly looked at the white feathers stained with yellowish oil at the bottom of the grave.

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305: The Detective Exchange

Editor: Atlas Studios

2,000 pounds? That's enough to drive all the bounty hunters and private detectives in Backlund crazy! This isn't like Vice Admiral Hurricane Qilangos who was out at sea for extended periods of time and had a bunch of subordinates. It's a bounty that can easily be touched if one reaches out…

Well, a pirate with combat prowess comparable to a Sequence 5 was worth 10,000 gold pounds, and a Sequence 6 murderer would have to be at the value of 3,000 to 4,000 pounds to be reasonable… Could it be that the Nighthawks and Mandated Punishers have misjudged the serial killer to be a Sequence 7, rather than a quasi-expert who is about to advance to Sequence 5?

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306: Giant Bishop

Editor: Atlas Studios

In the evening, Klein sat down on a reclining chair in his activity room. Warmed by the fireplace, he picked up the information that Isengard's assistant had just delivered.

As soon as his idea received praise from the great detective in the morning, Kaslana immediately claimed that she needed the same piece of information. Stuart had murmured that he had believed Klein was an excellent detective, given his calmness and composure when he faced Adol's case, but he hadn't expected him to be that outstanding.

At the same time, he told Klein that if he needed help, he could find him. He knew a lot of people in the detective circles in Backlund.

Isengard Stanton also promised to immediately contact the police and try to provide the corresponding information to the detectives who needed it before nightfall.

He truly was very trustworthy.

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307: Dawn Paladin

Editor: Atlas Studios

Kill you? It was the first time Klein had heard of such a request, and for a moment, he didn't know how to respond to such a task.

He even started to suspect if there was a conspiracy.

Bishop Utravsky opened his eyes and looked down at Klein.

"Kill the old me."

…Father, can you not have such long pauses when you're speaking… Klein's mouth twitched as he asked in puzzlement, "Even in the legends and myths, no one can return to the past. I'm afraid this task of yours can only be accomplished by the seven gods."

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308: A Prepared Magician

Editor: Atlas Studios

When Klein looked down again, he could no longer see the strange candle wrapped in human skin; instead, a faint, slightly sweet scent kept lingering around his nose.

Ignoring the Bishop Utravsky's body that was lying down in a pool of his own blood, he took out his matchbox and lit one matchstick.

The blood on the ground disappeared as soon as the spark was produced, and the messy church hall became tidy once again.

The gargantuan Utravsky slowly got up, looked down at Klein, and said with a twisted face, "It actually didn't have any effect…

"It's no wonder that you dared to accept this task.

"However, this is your misfortune. I didn't actually want to kill you."

As he spoke, the candlelight on both sides of the cathedral began to flicker visibly. The entire hall suddenly brightened, but it was mild and not blinding; it was as if the morning sun had just come in.

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309: Choosing One Out Of Two

Editor: Atlas Studios

The illusory feeling passed, and Klein saw the strange candle in his hand again, along with its black wick and palish-white flame.

The damage of the Dawn Paladin—the shattered ground, broken pews, and the sliced candles—had been restored to their pre-battle state. It was hard to tell where they had been damaged.

At some point, Bishop Utravsky, who had been standing opposite him, had taken a seat in the front pew, his back bent forward and his head buried in his hands. His hands were pressed to his temples.

Drip!

Drip!

Sweat trickled down his face and spread out from his feet. The ground was already completely wet.

When he sensed that the strange candle had been extinguished by Klein, he shuddered and raised his head to meet Klein's eyes.

His slightly turbid eyes were filled with tears, and his wrinkled face was streaked with tears.

However, his eyes were filled with emotion, joy, and clarity.

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310: National Atmospheric Pollution Council

Editor: Atlas Studios

Sir Ders Shaw? Mr. Hibbert Hall? Who are they? I don't know them at all… Acting as though he had no doubts, Klein said half-jokingly, "Let's hope that they can bring blue skies and sunshine to Backlund."

"Yes, although burning in your own fireplace is everyone's freedom and is a right granted by the law, blue skies and sunshine are more desirable things." Luke Sammer, a member of the Soot Reduction Association, sighed with emotion and pointed to the hired carriage. "We should go. Mary urgently needs some help."

Stelyn Sammer added, feigning a level of restraint, "There might be Members of Parliament coming to the banquet, from the Backlund district or from the kingdom."

"I can imagine the grandeur of this banquet." Klein flattered politely and watched the Sammers board the carriage and leave.

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311: Observing Each Other

Editor: Atlas Studios

Klein sat in the seat belonging to The Fool and looked around.

"This is Miss Magician, our new member."

Then, he looked at Fors and introduced the rest to her.

"This is Miss Justice, and that is Mr. Hanged Man…"

As Fors nodded her head as a form of greeting the members with the corresponding code names, she observed the other members.

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312: A Failed Disguise

Editor: Atlas Studios

When Derrick finished, Klein manipulated The World to nod and say, "More detailed than I thought.

"Transaction complete."

Before The World finished his sentence, Klein had simultaneously removed the barriers insulating Justice, The Hanged Man, and The Magician.

After a few seconds of silence, The World looked around and said with a dark smile, "I don't have any more requests for now."

Having a rough understanding of the process and its characteristics, Fors was eager to purchase the corresponding Sequence 8 Trickmaster of the Apprentice Sequence.

She clearly remembered that Mr. Fool had said that the reason she was troubled by the full moon was due to her low natural order of life, and that the pain would decrease with the rise of her Sequence.

This made Fors eager to obtain the next formula.

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313: The Ancient Deities

Editor: Atlas Studios

Audrey was about to apply for a private exchange when she suddenly discovered one thing. The World, who was seated at the other end of the long bronze table, didn't show any interest in the "acting method" at all. He didn't even have the urge to ask about it.

Does he already know about the "acting method," or did he consult Mr. Fool privately? Audrey mumbled to herself, still cautiously asking for a private meeting.

Then, looking at Fors, she said in a measured voice, in both her choice of words and pronunciation, "Our attitude towards potions isn't about grasping them, but rather it's about digesting them.

"The key to digestion is to "act," and the key to "acting" is the corresponding potion name."

"Why?" blurted Fors.

After a moment of deliberation, she added another question, "Then, how should one "act"?"

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314: Possible

Editor: Atlas Studios

The Nation of the Evernight, at the peak of the Hornacis mountain range, believed in the Ruler of the Evernight, the Mother of the Sky… Is there some connection between that and the Evernight Demonic Wolf, Flegrea? The illusory ravings I hear are actually "Hornacis… Flegrea?"

What is the connection between the ancient god, Evernight Demonic Wolf Flegrea and the Goddess? According to Roselle, Sequence 0 is equivalent to a true god, and each sequence can only have one Sequence 0… The Goddess had inherited the authority from the Evernight Demonic Wolf? He wasn't the oldest deity, nor was he the eye of the Creator as he claimed?

Yes, there's a circumstantial clue that doesn't count as proof. The Life School of Thought worships the moon, the crimson moon that evolved from the Creator's eye, but they don't believe in the Evernight Goddess…

Klein suddenly made several connections as he manipulated The World to speak.

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315: Return to Harvest Church

Editor: Atlas Studios

City of Silver, in a cramped room.

Derrick Berg was sitting by his bedside, quietly recalling the information regarding the seven gods that he had received.

The names of the deities that he had never heard of and the vague ancient myths all indicated to him that there was a new world outside which was completely different from the City of Silver.

Is that a piece of land that hasn't been forsaken by the gods? Or perhaps, it's a land that is protected by new gods? Derrick sat in the dark, motionlessly. Lightning flashed from time to time outside the window, bringing with it intense light.

He slowly focused his thoughts on the different authorities that were concentrated in the hands of the seven gods, and he compared them with the ancient gods such as the Dragon of Imagination, Ankewelt.

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316: Never Perform Unprepared

Editor: Atlas Studios

He actually named his price… Upon hearing the vampire's request, Klein felt both irritated and amused.

He looked at the Bishop Utravsky, who was standing in front of him, and asked, "Father, may I borrow your candle? The one that you used last time. I've forgotten what it's called."

Before Bishop Utravsky could reply, the vampire in the basement spoke in a stunned voice.

"What do you want to do? What do you want to do?"

At this moment, Bishop Utravsky answered warmly, "It's called the Mental Terror Candle. What are you borrowing it for?"

Father, you're very cooperative. You even knew to ask… The corners of Klein's mouth curled up.

"I plan to use it to directly inquire the deepest part of this friend's heart.

"As you know, I'm quite talented in this area, and I'm very good at such matters…"

Before he could finish his sentence, the vampire in the basement had already shouted, "Bastard, give up on your idea!

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317: Roselle Memorial Exhibition

Editor: Atlas Studios

West Borough, 2 King's Avenue, Royal Museum.

Although it wasn't a weekend, there was a long line at the door when Klein arrived.

According to the descriptions in the newspapers and magazines, he knew that the world's middle class had fewer ways of entertaining themselves. Other than reading newspapers, reading novels, listening to opera concerts, playing tennis and squash, enjoying plays, and holding or attending banquets, there were only three options: going to a park, going to an exhibition, and going on vacation. Due to Emperor Roselle's influence, annual vacations were already common phenomena.

At nine o'clock sharp, Klein, who was wearing a silk top hat, a black cane, and a long double-breasted frock coat, followed the people in front of him and entered the museum.

There was a split here, and the different guides led a number of visitors down different passages.

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318: Verification

Editor: Atlas Studios

His manuscripts of plagiarism. No, his manuscript of creativity should be considered a very valuable book… Could that bookmark be a Card of Blasphemy? Klein's heart skipped a beat, lightly tapped his molars, and quietly activated his Spirit Vision.

However, he didn't find anything abnormal.

He then scanned the other bookmarks and obtained the same answer.

That's right, if it's that easy to detect it, it wouldn't have remained till this day for me to have this thought… Klein deactivated his Spirit Vision, and once again, he thought via method of elimination, based on the details he had learned from Roselle's diary and the personality the Emperor had shown.

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319: Audrey's "Adventure"

Editor: Atlas Studios

In Empress Borough, the opulent villa of Earl Hall.

Audrey was supposed to be practicing her piano at this time, but she remained seated in front of her dressing table, thinking about how to read and memorize Roselle's diary in the evening.

Suddenly, her surroundings became hazy, and a boundless grayish-white began to emanate.

In the middle of the gray fog, The Fool's figure sat high above. He was listening to a man who was barely visible pray, " …I pray for your help.

"I hope that someone can help me touch the bookmark in Roselle's manuscript of creativity."

…

How does Mr. Fool know that I'll be visiting the Roselle Memorial Exhibition this evening after the museum is closed, and that I'll have the opportunity of touching some items… Audrey listened in a daze. Although she was amazed, she didn't find it odd.

With Mr. Fool's stature and abilities, being aware of such a trivial matter is very easy!

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320: Action

Editor: Atlas Studios

An abnormal reaction? From the looks of it, it really is a Card of Blasphemy! Above the gray fog, Klein, who received the reply, was delighted at first, but he then exclaimed in surprise.

Isn't Miss Justice way too efficient?

I only entrusted the mission to her this afternoon, and she has already completed the verification by the evening…

Furthermore, this is obviously past the closing time of the Royal Museum!

A Telepathist also definitely lacks infiltration abilities!

Hmm, her family's influence is probably even greater than I expected…

Thankfully, the verification didn't produce any strange phenomena; otherwise, the only thing that can be done is to allow Miss Justice to act innocent and hand the card over to the higher authorities. And this also means that I'm not fated to have this treasure… There's nothing in this world with a hundred percent certainty…

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321: Appearance of A Living Person

Editor: Atlas Studios

In the exhibition hall where Roselle's diary was kept, the two Machinery Hivemind members suddenly heard a clatter.

At the same time, they turned their heads to look at the Sealed Artifact made out of blocks above the glass display case.

Inside the scaled down model of the museum's first floor, there was a gray dot that was constantly flashing.

"There's a lifeless object in the nearest washroom." One of the team members made a definite judgment.

The other team member relaxed a little, frowned, and said in a guessing tone, "A dead leaf blown in by the wind?"

"It's possible." The team member who spoke first nodded. "Let's wait till the security guards pass by, we'll get them to check and confirm the situation. Captain told us to stay here and not to leave no matter what happens, especially not alone."

In the event of an urgent emergency, they could evacuate with Roselle's notebook.

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322: The Thrilling Night

Editor: Atlas Studios

The twelfth case!

That Devil serial murderer!

The moment he saw the corpse and heard the sound, Klein's hair stood on end. He knew that he had encountered a bad situation.

Within his line of sight, the living room's decorations were mostly brilliant yellow and bright. There was nothing unusual about the coffee table and sofa. Only the carpet was stained bright red with blood as it slowly soaked through.

On the side of the wound on the female corpse's abdomen, which was completely empty, sat a large sized black dog. Its mouth was half open, revealing many sharp white teeth that sent shivers. On each tooth, there were dark red marks like iron rust. This seemed to be the result of its prolonged consumption of flesh without frequent brushing.

At this moment, the large black dog's teeth were still wrapped around blood-red small intestines, as well as bits and pieces of raw meat.

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323: The Opening Incantation

Editor: Atlas Studios

The bookmark was, on the surface, nothing special. Roselle's portraits had been placed everywhere around the exhibition hall, and the image depicted was from the period when he was middle-aged.

Klein kept flipping the bookmark repeatedly, in scrutiny, and found a tiny puncture, thereby confirming that this was the bookmark which Miss Justice had verified.

He tried to spread his spirituality, and he slowly injected it inside. However, just like with ordinary objects, his spirituality only flowed and failed to permeate it, nor did it cause any abnormal changes.

That's right, Roselle had the intention of finding someone who was fated, so he wouldn't specifically restrict it to Beyonders… Klein thought for a moment, then said softly in Feysac, "Pirate King!"

The bookmark still didn't respond.

He tried the words in ancient Feysac, Intis, Loen, and other languages again, but the result was the same.

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324: Imagined and Real "Adorer"

Editor: Atlas Studios

Empress Borough, Earl Hall's home, dining room.

As per usual tradition, Audrey was saying grace with her father, mother, and elder brother before dinner.

"Praise the Goddess!" She tapped her chest in four spots in a clockwise manner to end the prayer.

However, before she finished speaking, her vision was covered by a thick gray fog. A distant figure that seemed to be looking down at everyone and everything opened his mouth with dominance.

"That was a Card of Blasphemy made by Roselle."

Mr. Fool… Card of Blasphemy? Audrey, who finally received a response, was joyful at first, but then she fell into a daze. She couldn't understand what the so-called Card of Blasphemy referred to.

However, she quickly made a guess. She had always known that Emperor Roselle had made a secret deck of cards representing some unknown force which had twenty-two cards in total. It was believed to have been referenced from tarot cards.

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325: The Equestrian Teacher's Problem

Editor: Atlas Studios

When he returned to the living room, Klein picked up a letter opener and opened the envelope before taking out Isengard Stanton's letter.

The famous detective wrote:

"Your idea has greatly helped us. Please allow me to thank you here first.

"After receiving your letter, we immediately organized some people to sweep through crucial areas. As expected, we found some clues, and quite a few stray animals that had frequently appeared and were remembered by the residents had disappeared.

"In the process, we also noticed an interesting thing. Four years ago, in the serial murder case, yes—the targets were single prostitutes with a child. Quite a few people living near the scene of the crime had mentioned that although the most suspicious teenager was eccentric and vicious, he was quite fond of animals, especially a large black dog.

"After the boy died in the gang firefight, the people who lived around him never saw the dog again.

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326: "Professional" Suggestion

Editor: Atlas Studios

Klein had wanted to ask if Aaron or his family had brought home anything which was relatively more unusual—such as a slightly dirty rag doll—before the unlucky events befell him.

But as soon as the words reached his mouth, he suddenly felt that it was too direct and could easily expose the fact that he knew a lot about mysticism. Although this could be explained away by the fact that he was experienced and knowledgeable, there was no need for him to take the risk.

Instead, he took a more roundabout approach and asked Dr. Aaron if his family had suffered the same ill luck.

Upon hearing his question, Aaron Ceres carefully recalled and said, "No, except for the steam locomotive accident that occurred to them as well, they were the same as before. Most of the time, they didn't experience anything especially lucky or unlucky. The rest can be said to be of both types, so they can't be considered especially unlucky."

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327: Encounter on the Road

Editor: Atlas Studios

Inside the small theater of the Rice Circus.

As long as something felt familiar, there was no problem for a Seer to recall it. Klein nudged his gold-rimmed glasses up on his nose, leaned back, and murmured something almost soundlessly.

Soon after, he pretended to close his eyes to rest for more than ten seconds. In reality, he had used the help of Cogitation to quickly fall asleep and be reminded through his dream.

It was a rather dim room, with only one candle flickering on the coffee table. The people sitting around it were all wearing black hooded robes and iron masks that covered only half their faces.

Deliberately massaging his glabella, Klein opened his eyes and continued watching the beast taming performance.

He had interpreted the revelation and knew the source of the familiarity: the scene in the dream was of the Beyonder gathering organized by Old Mister Eye of Wisdom.

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328: He That Touches Pitch Shall Be Defiled

Editor: Atlas Studios

The wheels of the carriage pressed down on the track as the horses dragged it along. The heavy carriage steadily advanced, and soon, they were moving away from the street as though nothing had happened.

With a normal expression, Klein held onto his cane and waited until the tracked public carriage passed two stations before he got off ahead of time. He took a large detour and slowly headed back to the place where the gigantic Devil dog had been killed.

He wasn't looking for its Beyonder characteristics, as it was impossible for the top experts of the Church to not know about this matter. They would've definitely taken it away long ago. He also wasn't investigating the source of that slight snort. After all, with so much time having passed by, the carriages moving on the streets, and the people that were coming and going, how could there be any clues left behind? Even divination would fail to obtain an answer.

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329: Claw Marks

Editor: Atlas Studios

Backlund Bridge area, Bravehearts Bar.

Klein pressed down the cap on his head, carefully protecting the wallet in the inside pocket of his grayish-blue worker's jacket. He walked around the customers who were surrounding the boxing ring and headed for the bar.

On the way, he looked around and didn't see the black market arms dealer, Kaspars Kalinin.

He's either playing cards or playing billiards… Klein nodded to himself, sat down at the bar, and said to the bartender, "Half and Half."

He had seen someone drink this type of alcoholic beverage the last time, and he felt that it likely suited his palate.

At least it's better than pure malt beer… Klein thought to himself.

The bartender raised his head and glanced at him.

"Which two alcohols do you want mixed? Different choices, different prices."

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330: Sharron and Maric's Philosophy

Editor: Atlas Studios

Help? Klein repeated the word silently and was momentarily a little stumped.

Back when Sharron had taken on the mission of protecting him for three days, it was mostly because of the money. For a Sequence 5 expert to be willing to take on such a mission was, in itself, a low probability. It could be chanced upon, but it wasn't something that could be forced. Furthermore, back then, Klein was desperately trying to save himself and was so frantic that he wasn't willing to give up any sliver of hope. As such, he still felt very grateful for being able to receive the help of such a powerful Beyonder, even if it was because of the money.

However, that was all. He wouldn't recklessly interfere in an unknown, dangerous situation in complete disregard of his own strength and circumstances for the sake of the other party.

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331: The Accursed

Editor: Atlas Studios

Dressed in a black regal dress, Sharron pursed her bloodless lips and tilted her head to look at Maric, nodding slightly.

Maric clasped his hands and said while concealing some of his madness, "You know about the Prisoner pathway, don't you?"

"Yes, I've heard of it in the Beyonder circles," Klein answered frankly.

Of course, these Beyonder circles refer to the Nighthawks and the Tarot Club… He sighed in his heart as he added.

Maric seemed to recall something, and he was silent for nearly twenty seconds. Outside the window, he could hear the rhythmic sound of the carriage wheels rolling across the concrete pavement.

He ruffled his messy brown hair and spoke with a slightly twisted expression on his face.

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332: Notary Certificate

Editor: Atlas Studios

Very generous conditions… Klein almost couldn't believe his ears.

Although the most valuable items are the Sequence 5 Beyonder characteristic and the powerful Sealed Artifact with special powers, the rest aren't too bad either!

It's impossible for a Sequence 5 powerhouse to only have Sealed Artifacts provided by the organization, and if any one of the Sequence 6 Zombie and Sequence 7 Werewolf is retained, it will be a bountiful harvest!

Klein leaned back and pretended to think, to suppress the sudden greed in his heart.

"Your conditions are indeed satisfying," he replied and immediately returned with a question. "Who is Shaman King Klarman? What kind of information is recorded in his Book of Secrets?"

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333: The Tracker

Editor: Atlas Studios

In the suburbs of North Borough, in a soon-to-be-abandoned three-story medical school building.

Even at three o'clock in the afternoon, the fog and the clouds had already darkened the whole of Backlund, as if a storm was approaching.

Along the dilapidated corridor, the gloomy light shone in diagonally, penetrating the windows and causing everything to appear silent and scarred. It was eerie and terrifying.

This was Audrey's second time here, and she was no longer as nervous and tense as before. She turned her head left and right in her surgical cap and big mask, habitually observing the environment, observing every detail of this place.

Viscount Glaint was walking beside her and gradually turned apprehensive. He couldn't help but whisper, "Why do I find that this place is a little strange…

"Could there be evil ghosts?"

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334: Bullets

Editor: Atlas Studios

The only candle flickered its yellow flame, casting shadows on the walls around the activity room.

Klein found the most convenient escape point before surveying his surroundings. He saw the Eye of Wisdom with his deep cheek lines and the plump Apothecary.

Well, after another comparison, even though he's wearing an iron mask that covers half his face, it's still pretty clear that he was the man I met at Rice Circus who deserves a beating… Klein looked away and waited for the gathering to officially begin. The woman who had an Artisan backing her was very hidden among the participants, so he couldn't be sure that she was present before she spoke.

After a few minutes, Eye of Wisdom raised his head to look at the mechanical clock on the wall and chuckled.

"There's a lot of people here today."

"Let's begin."

Before he finished speaking, the plump Apothecary rushed to speak.

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335: Exploring Verdi Street

Editor: Atlas Studios

"Pleasure" was Sequence 6 of the Demoness pathway. Klein had obtained its complete formula back when he channeled Madam Sharon's spirit. Although it was usually difficult to recall the exact details, and he had to rely on the help of dream divination to recall the memory, just hearing the main ingredient was enough to give him a sense of familiarity and make him form connections.

He couldn't help but glance over at the buyer, confirming that he was male in terms of skin color, figure, voice, and unmasked facial features.

The Sequence prior to Demoness of Pleasure is Witch. Regardless of their gender, as long as they pass that, they would all become women. This person clearly isn't one… He hasn't become a Witch yet, so why is he purchasing the main ingredient of a Demoness of Pleasure? Hmm… Could he be helping someone buy it? Is he the ally of some Witch or a loyal subordinate?

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336: The Abraham Family

Editor: Atlas Studios

Other than the Master Key and the silver pocket watch with inlaid diamonds which were taken by the thief, this place is still in the same state as what I'd seen in my dream… Klein looked around and saw black iron pots, glass jars, and bronze lampstands that had candles which had long since been extinguished.

His Spirit Vision and spiritual perception told him that these were all very ordinary items. They didn't carry the slightest trace of a spiritual luster.

Hmm, but compared to before, there's still something extra… Klein reached out with his left black-gloved palm and touched the surface of the long table.

His fingers were immediately stained with visible dust.

After carefully carefully and making some preliminary divinations, Klein failed to find any secret chambers or hidden compartments; thus, he turned his attention to the brown notebook.

Carefully flipping through it, the contents of the first page entered his eyes.

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337: The Search For A Missing Person

Editor: Atlas Studios

Fors flipped through the calendar on her desk and used a pen to mark the date of the upcoming full moon.

She had decided that, as soon as she heard that horrible, illusory raving, she would chant the name of The Fool and pass the painful minutes above the gray fog.

Life is truly filled with things to look forward to… She closed the novel in her hands, ready to turn off the iron grille gas lamp that was set into the wall.

At that moment, a flash appeared in front of Fors's eyes. She saw the boundless gray fog and a lofty figure that resided in a majestic ancient palace, as well as a man who was praying devoutly.

When the voice reached her ears, she almost jumped, feeling both alarmed and joyful.

The Trickmaster formula that I've been arduously searching for all these years has been found just like that?

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338: The Experienced Klein

Editor: Atlas Studios

After hearing Audrey's affirmation, Lady Norma laughed.

"What an honest child.

"I happen to know some experts in mysticism who are very knowledgeable. Would you like to chat with them?"

"Definitely. That's exactly what I want. Praise the Lady." Feigning surprise, Audrey drew a crimson moon on her chest.

With a smile on her face, Madam Norma nodded slightly and said, "How about we have our afternoon tea together tomorrow?"

"No problem." Audrey's excited eyes held a little innocence.

After she bade Lady Norma farewell and headed for the living room, her smile gradually settled as her bearing turned composed and relaxed.

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339: Psychiatrist

Editor: Atlas Studios

Sharron took the sedative that was stored in a glass tube, looked at the liquid that looked pure, and lightly nodded.

"Alright."

As expected of someone who doesn't waste her breath… Klein smiled and said, "Miss Sharron, can you tell me the candidate locations for the battleground that you've decided on? I wish to familiarize myself with the surroundings in the next few days. This way, no matter where you ultimately choose, my preparations would be more than sufficient."

And since they have the right to choose the location of the final battle, they won't worry about the possibility of me informing the authorities or any other Beyonder who might try to take advantage of the situation… Of course, if she really doesn't trust me, she could try another "notarization"… Klein thought quietly.

Sharron stared at him for a few seconds with her blue eyes before saying, "Prepare a map of Backlund when you're back.

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340: Past

Editor: Atlas Studios

A-aren't you making things difficult for me? Upon hearing Aaron's request, Klein almost drew the crimson moon on his chest, but he ultimately resisted the urge and replied very seriously, "Perhaps there's something about my behavior that has led you to misunderstand.

"But I have to tell you that faith is something that cannot be changed after it's decided upon."

Aaron immediately raised his arms and made an apologetic gesture.

"I'm sorry that I misunderstood your faithfulness. I shouldn't have taken your faith as a joke.

"Alright, our differences in faith do not prevent us from becoming friends."

Klein wiped away the fake expression he put on and smiled.

"That's not true in Feysac and Feynapotter. They can only accept one faith."

In comparison, with so many Churches coexisting for more than fourteen hundred years, Loen and Intis are much more open in this respect.

Before Aaron could answer, he casually changed the subject.

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341: Private Communication

Editor: Atlas Studios

The sight of the towering stone pillars that supported a high dome and the mottled and ancient long table that appeared to have been placed there since hundreds, if not more than a thousand years ago entered the eyes… Although Audrey Hall had seen this scene many times, she would still feel a kind of shock that came from the bottom of her heart the moment she arrived above the gray fog.

Out of the corner of her eye, she scanned the surroundings and didn't see any new members. She then looked up and bowed to the person in the thick gray fog.

"Good afternoon, Mr. Fool~"

As she spoke, she suddenly saw a card covered with a complicated pattern on the table to the right of The Fool.

It was lying there quietly, casually, like an ordinary object.

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342: The Old Fox Alger

Editor: Atlas Studios

Suggestions? My advice is to stay as far away as possible… Upon hearing The Sun's question, Klein instantly had such an answer in his mind.

However, in order to preserve the image of The Fool and see what the others would suggest, he remained silent and did not manipulate The World to speak.

After a short moment of silence, Alger turned his head to look at The Sun. He said in a staid and gentle voice, "You have provided too little information, so it's difficult for us to give any useful advice.

"The only thing we know of regarding that semi-destroyed temple is the presence of the True Creator, or in other words, the Fallen Creator's unique statue. We don't know what else is there, so naturally, we aren't able to make much of an analysis of the situation."

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343: By Oneself

Editor: Atlas Studios

After the private communication between The World and The Sun, the Tarot Gathering began its free discussion session. Audrey asked with great interest about the unique scenery of the sea and of any strange happenings, while Alger gave selective descriptions according to his own knowledge.

Fors listened quietly and was inspired to write a novel about a Pirate King, of how he captures a female passenger and has a complex love affair with her, a fantasy that coexisted with reality.

Derrick could only imagine what the sea looked like based on the paintings in the City of Silver and the corresponding words.

In the end, Klein, whose spirituality was gradually drained, announced the end of the Tarot Gathering. After which, he quickly returned to the real world and made up for it with a nap.

…

Half past seven at night. In Empress Borough. Inside a particular noble's house.

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344: Spending Lavishly

Editor: Atlas Studios

Underground shooting range of the Quelaag Club.

When he was done shooting, Klein meticulously serviced his free revolver and adjusted the ratio of purifying bullets, demon hunting bullets, and exorcism bullets to 3:1:1.

Phew. He exhaled, put away the revolver, tidied his coat, and slowly walked back to the hall on the first floor.

He had already heard from the attendant that the dish that was in limited supply today was pan-fried Dragon-Bone Fish.

As soon as he entered the buffet cafeteria, Klein saw an acquaintance, Talim Dumont, the equestrian teacher from an abject noble family with short brown curls. He was eating his lunch with unfocused eyes.

Klein carried his plate over, sat down, and greeted him.

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345: Sun Brooch

Editor: Atlas Studios

"You can confirm it before you pay." The hooded Eye of Wisdom walked directly to Klein and handed the dark golden brooch to him.

Very generous… Klein reached out to take it, but before he could examine it closely, he felt his surroundings become very hot, even the wind felt as if it had been ignited. Once it entered his nose, it would spread to his lungs.

At this moment, he seemed to have left the cold and humid Backlund, finding himself in the desert and wilderness, right in the middle of the Northern Continent. Hanging above him was the sun that radiated endless light and heat, and in his surroundings was the extremely dry and boundless yellow sand.

Phew, it makes me want to eat ice cream… Sweat slowly seeped out of Klein's forehead, but under the iron mask, the liquid couldn't fall freely. It could only stick on the spot.

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346: A Magician Before Going Onstage

Editor: Atlas Studios

10 o'clock at night, in the alley by the back door of the Bravehearts Bar.

Like the previous time, Klein, in his black double-breasted frock coat and matching half top hat, had merely circled the bar once before he walked to the nearest street as though he were on a stroll.

Just as he walked out of the alley, a carriage stopped in front of him. Behind the glass window was Maric's pair of brown eyes which were still suppressing any signs of malicious intent.

Klein pressed the top of his half top hat and, holding the sturdy cane in his hand, calmly boarded the carriage as if he had hailed it himself.

He sat down and straightened his bow tie like a gentleman attending a banquet.

"That outfit isn't suitable for battle." Maric, who was wearing a white shirt, black vest, and tights, sized him up a few times and frowned.

It was obvious that he still had some doubts regarding Klein's strength, but he had chosen to trust Sharron.

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347: Zombie and Werewolf

Editor: Atlas Studios

Running ahead of the group was Maric. His disheveled hair was completely blown back by the wind, and his expression was twisted and hideous.

He was even faster than a steam locomotive at its peak speed. With a whoosh, he arrived at the entrance to the clearing.

But even so, he was still unable to escape from his pursuers.

The closest figure to him was a man who had the same pale complexion as himself, with indistinct, dark patches on his face, as if they were healing marks from rotting wounds. The malice in his eyes was completely undisguised and unrestrained. He looked more like a zombie who was craving fresh flesh rather than a human being, and Klein guessed that he was Jason, a Sequence 6.

The distance between Jason and Maric remained within seven or eight meters, sometimes lengthening; sometimes shortening. This repeated again and again, as they ventured back and forth.

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348: Terrifying Wraith

Editor: Atlas Studios

A faint golden stream of light flashed past, hitting what seemed like an empty space.

However, resplendent flames suddenly rose up from that spot, rapidly forming a silhouette who was wearing a black tuxedo and a dark red cloak.

The figure's left arm was burning with holy and pure flames as it continuously emitted faint black and green smoke, illuminating his pale face in dark green glow.

It was a man in his forties with oily hair that was neatly combed with meticulous attention. His eyes were dark and green, and while possessing no emotion, there were no signs of pain!

Wraith Steve!

He turned his head and looked maliciously at Klein, who was at the top of the warehouse.

Klein was startled as he felt his body suddenly turn cold. Even the heat brought by the Sun Brooch couldn't counteract it.

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349: Poison Bottle

Editor: Atlas Studios

Due to Wraith Steve's shriek, the weakened Miss Sharron also revealed a painful expression. However, she still managed to close her palm with much difficulty, causing the rays of light to be severed, which caused the illusory, mysterious bronze door to disappear.

Klein knew that the situation was turning bad. Enduring his headache, he quickly took a step back and entered the fire. His figure quickly disappeared and reappeared in another explosion that happened in a different direction.

He had just jumped out, in an attempt to strike back, when he saw Steve, the middle-aged man with the dark red cloak, stop in his tracks instead of chasing after him, as though he was waiting for something.

Klein suddenly felt agitated. His head felt dizzy, and his stomach spasmed.

He quickly weakened, but he had no idea why.

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350: Splendid Fireworks

Editor: Atlas Studios

One by one, the bullets sliced through the air—either swirling with a golden luster or emitting resplendent beams—as they hit Steve's head.

Thanks to a Clown's control over his body and his persistence in practicing his marksmanship, Klein's six bullets which were augmented with Cleave of Purification accurately hit the same spot, the same spot as the first two bullets!

They were like fists from a giant of light, repeatedly pounding at the left of Steve's face!

With a series of bangs, Steve, who had been entangled by the strange arms and the dark-green vines, failed to phase away to avoid the attack. His head was whipped to the side repeatedly as his body trembled. His cheekbones quickly caved in, breaking out into sharp white bones!

Bang!

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351: "Game" of Question and Answer

Editor: Atlas Studios

After a full half hour of uninterrupted silence, Klein opened his eyes and slowly rose to his feet.

He took his cane, put on his hat, and left the cathedral, taking a rental carriage back to Minsk Street in the dark.

At this moment, the vigilance and surveillance of the surrounding area had inevitably relaxed, turning into the shadows under the light of the gas lamps.

Shortly after midnight, Klein took out his key, opened the door to his house, and entered the empty guest rooms to search for the Book of Secrets.

It didn't take him much effort to find the old book, bound in thick goatskin, in the wardrobe in a room on the first floor.

The hardcover of the book was dark black, with two lines of Hermes written in crimson:

"Book of Secrets.

"Klarman."

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352: Breakfast

Editor: Atlas Studios

Another statement about only worshiping the moon and not the Goddess? Klein couldn't help but have a look of contemplation.

The last time he heard about such matters was when he was learning about the Life School of Thought. He never expected that the Shaman King, who had lived his entire life in the Southern Continent, would also have a similar point of view.

—In the Pale Era, at the end of the Fourth Epoch, the Berserk Sea became a veritable reality. Thus, the Northern and Southern Continent were cut off from each other, and the Life School of Thought was formed in the early Fifth Epoch. Obviously, it was impossible for the Life School of Thought to extend itself to the Southern Continent before Roselle sent his men to find a safe sea route.

Shaman King Klarman was a historical figure who was active in an era more than a thousand years before the Northern Continent's invasion.

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353: Today Is Quite Different From Yesterday

Editor: Atlas Studios

Finally, the elderly man, with gray hair by his temples, took a sip of tea and sighed with a smile.

"In truth, this is already much better than my previous situation, and it's much better than many of the people here. For instance…"

He pointed out the window to the tramps huddled in a corner.

Klein and Mike looked over and saw a group of cowering tramps lying on the ground in a filthy place that provided shelter from the wind. They were of all sexes and ages.

It was possible for them to never wake up again in the coldness of late autumn.

It was then that Klein noticed an old woman in her sixties standing by the street. Her dress was old and worn, but she was relatively neat, and her hair was neatly trimmed.

The white-haired old lady had the usual tired look of a tramp, but she still persisted in not squeezing together with the group. Instead, she slowly walked by the roadside, occasionally gazing into the coffee shop numbly.

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354: Tales of an "Adventure" in East Borough

Editor: Atlas Studios

Backlund's East Borough, at an intersection.

Mike Joseph saw a number of pitiful-looking children in rags along the street. He wiped his mouth with a handkerchief and planned to head over to give them some pennies.

However, his action was stopped by the former tramp, Old Kohler.

"They're thieves!"

"Thieves? What about their parents? Or are they controlled by the gangs?" As a senior journalist, Mike had never been to the East Borough, but he had heard of instances of a few gangs controlling street children to steal and beg.

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355: Outsider

Editor: Atlas Studios

This… In the eerie silence, the first thought Derrick Berg had when he came back to his senses was to rescue that person.

However, the two guards that held him in the middle didn't show any reaction to it, as if everything that had just happened was just his imagination.

"Someone is calling out for help," the young Derrick informed the two Dawn Paladins.

On his left, a tall knight clad in silver armor calmly replied, "Don't be fooled.

"That's just the normal behavior of those Beyonders who are on the verge of losing control."

Is that so? Maybe he cried out for help because he just isn't willing to give up and lose control and become a monster… Derrick thought sorrowfully.

Following the change in his mood, the illusory, buzzing sound in his ears became more distinct.

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356: Informant Fee

Editor: Atlas Studios

Cough!

Mike Joseph took out his handkerchief, covered his mouth, and coughed several times.

The smog in the factory district was thicker than anywhere else. The air was gray with a yellowish tint as though it was floating dust. Occasionally a pungent, suffocating odor that even Mr. Reporter, who was long used to the Backlund air, could not bear.

He turned to Klein who was also coughing softly.

"I've always been a huge supporter of the government's establishment of the National Atmospheric Pollution Council and the alkaline industry inspector, but only today did I learn that the problem has become so serious."

"If we don't take effective measures, it may become a tragedy in the future." Klein tried hard to clear his blocked nose.

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357: Happenings at the Banquet

Editor: Atlas Studios

When he got back to Minsk Street from the factory district, Klein had a simple lunch and took a nap. He didn't wake up until the evening when the sky had darkened.

But even so, he still felt exhausted, exhaustion that stemmed from the depths of his heart.

After quite some time of being lost in thought, Klein went down to the first floor and lit the gas lamp. He prepared to sit on the sofa and read the day's newspapers, but when he glanced around, he saw an invitation letter on the coffee table.

He was stunned for a moment before realizing that it was an invitation letter which Mrs. Stelyn Sammer had sent her maidservant to deliver a few days ago.

I almost forgot about this… The disguised matchmaking banquet… Klein put down the invitation letter and walked to the bathroom on the first floor. He used cold water to wash his face, sprucing himself up to look much more energetic.

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358: The Sun's Worry

Editor: Atlas Studios

On a luxurious carriage on their way leaving Earl Hall's villa.

Luke was chatting with Ma'am Mary about the distinguished guests, such as the chairman of the National Atmospheric Pollution Council and chief of the National Weather Service, Sir Ders Shaw; or the council member of the National Atmospheric Pollution Council and president of the Royal Meteorological Society; House of Commons Member of Parliament, Mr. Cave; or Midseashire Medical Health's director-in-charge and renowned doctor, Mr. Hawkesley.

They were all influential figures in the government, and the royal family or parliament. And the council's final report would be the most important basis for the planned Anti-Pollution Act and Smoke Emission Act.

The Coim Company, which specialized in anthracite and charcoal, was trying to promote and expedite the development, disrupting older but larger competitors from handling the changes.

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359: The Blasphemer

Editor: Atlas Studios

Justice Audrey asked instead of The Sun, "Why?"

The Hanged Man, Alger, didn't answer her directly as he continued on, "Abraham, Antigonus, Amon, Jacob, and Tamara are the five great families that supported the establishment of the Tudor Dynasty, and they were second only to the Blood Emperor.

"Among them, the Amon family is the most mysterious one. They have the least history left behind, and they seem to have been distorted and covered up by some kind of power.

"There was a piece of information that came from the King of the Five Seas, Nast. The Amons are a family of blasphemers, and they wield the secrets to usurp the powers of deities!

"Also, the Amon family call themselves the descendants of the ancient Sun God."

Derrick Berg was left confused. In his knowledge of myths, there was no such thing as an ancient Sun God!

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360: A Difficult Conundrum

Editor: Atlas Studios

Klein thought seriously for a while and came up with all sorts of theories, but because he lacked the necessary information, he could only temporarily ascribe the cause of the matter to the difference in the flow of time between the Earth and this world.

Roselle and I have transmigrated less than a year apart, but in this world, we are separated by nearly two hundred years. That is to say, even if I were to spend two hundred years to find a way to return, it's likely that I won't lose the opportunity to meet my parents. At most, I'd have been missing for a year… Klein made a contrasting inference, improving his mood significantly. He instantly felt filled with motivation.

Of course, he himself knew very well that this reasoning was not rigorous, because this was determined by one precondition, and it was currently impossible to confirm it.

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361: Translucent Worm

Editor: Atlas Studios

"Are you looking for me…"

The moment the voice entered his ears, Derrick froze. His skin tensed up, and his hair stood on end.

Why is he behind me?

Why is he in my room?

What happened to the seal?

What about the effects of the mystical items?

His forehead dripped with cold sweat, and he subconsciously wanted to turn around to take a look.

But his instincts stopped him from doing so.

This instinct originated from the teachings of the City of Silver's General Knowledge of Monsters lessons and the strange scene he had experienced after joining the patrolling teams.

When someone is speaking behind you, don't turn around in a hurry!

Derrick raised his hands and clenched them into fists in front of his chest, then slowly, he turned around, bit by bit.

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362: The Secret Deed Ritual

Editor: Atlas Studios

A male voice? Is it Mr. Hanged Man or Little Sun? Klein looked out the window at the gloomy sky, got up, went into the bathroom next door. He locked the door, took four steps counterclockwise, and arrived above the gray fog.

Within that mysterious space, a towering, ancient palace quietly stood. The illusory male voice echoed in a stacked, continuous manner.

Klein glanced at it and confirmed that the prayer was from Little Sun.

He sat in The Fool's seat and stretched out his right hand, emanating his spirituality to touch the corresponding crimson star.

Suddenly, the voice became clear and layered, and Klein quickly figured out what The Sun was talking about.

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363: High-level Authority

Editor: Atlas Studios

Perhaps I can use it as a "bridge"… Just as this thought flashed through Klein's mind, his right hand grabbed the Sunbird-shaped dark golden brooch.

At the same time, he used his spirituality as a whirlpool to attract the pried power from the mysterious space towards him, making it surge towards the Sun Brooch like a tidal wave.

The quivering above the gray fog became obvious. Little dots of pure light intertwined and swept toward Klein, blending with his spirituality.

The Sunbird-shaped dark golden brooch began to glow with a dazzling brilliance. It grew brighter and denser, and in an instant, drop after drop of a translucent golden liquid began to condense.

The liquid quickly merged together and formed a human figure that was as tall as Klein. It was a golden figure, a sacred figure!

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364: Cathedral of Serenity

Editor: Atlas Studios

What about the rest of the Magician's principles? As Klein idly leafed through the newspaper he had finished reading, he thought about the issues that mattered most to him.

He had already considered one point before, and that was the difference between having an audience to cheer for him and not having one. However, just this alone didn't seem sufficient.

With this thought, Klein's thoughts ran wild as he inexplicably thought of something.

When I was still a Seer, being recognized and praised as a true fortune-teller would give me a feeling that the process of digesting the potion had become faster. After I concluded the Seer principles, I began to believe that there was no direct correlation between the views and feedback from others and that they were merely expressions, nothing substantial. If I act well enough, I would naturally be acknowledged, and my digestion would naturally be faster.

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365: Vampire With A Unique Hobby

Editor: Atlas Studios

The Cathedral of Serenity looked particularly beautiful at night. It complemented the crimson moon high up in the sky that coldly illuminated the land.

Leonard entered his single room, took off his two red gloves, and tossed them onto a wooden table.

With a grim look, he sat in front of the patterned glass window, his back facing out as he bathed in the moonlight.

After ten seconds of silence, he said softly, almost gritting his teeth, "So you're a Parasite!"

Leonard's voice echoed faintly in his own ears, muffled by obvious anger, tension, a sense of loss, and fear.

In the blink of an eye, a slightly-aged voice resounded in his mind.

"You can say that."

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366: The Hanged Man's Ambition

Editor: Atlas Studios

After a thorough inspection, Klein confirmed that there was nothing odd about the White family and that the couple didn't even leave a single strand of hair behind, apparently to prevent anyone from tracking them down using divination.

He returned to the bedroom filled with dolls, took four steps counterclockwise, and went above the gray fog, intending to use divination to for a final confirmation.

However, before he got down to business, he conjured the female doll who was nearly his height, and just like how he had done a divination for the Mutated Sun Sacred Emblem in Tingen City, he picked up a dark red fountain pen and wrote a sentence on the yellowish-brown goatskin: "Its origin."

Putting down the pen and holding onto the piece of paper, Klein leaned back in his chair and began to mumble as he slowly adjusted his mental state into a Cogitation state.

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367: Threatening Letter

Editor: Atlas Studios

Tuesday morning, the weather remained as cold as it usually was this season.

Klein tightened the collar of his tweed coat, put on his hat, and pulled open the door.

He was heading to the end of the street, where the mailbox was, to post a letter to Detective Stuart. Since it wasn't that far, there was no need to dress neatly or heavily, but Klein had just recovered from his cold, so he had wrapped himself up thickly just in case.

Perhaps it was because of the strong wind last night, but the air in Backlund was surprisingly good. Klein subconsciously slowed down his pace and enjoyed this rare morning.

As he passed Jurgen's house, he heard the oriel window creak open and instinctively turned to look.

Standing at the window was Mrs. Doris, wearing a black plush hat and a thick grayish-blue scarf. She looked even worse than before, and her body was even more hunched.

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368: Taking Him By Surprise

Editor: Atlas Studios

The stone pillars of the ancient and majestic palace supported the high dome.

Klein sat at the end of the long bronze table, holding a translucent brown bottle. He checked it over and over again, but he didn't sense any danger from it.

Let's begin… He conjured a pen and paper and wrote the divination statement: "Its origin."

Putting the fountain pen away and bracing himself for a blow, Klein glanced at the paper and the Biological Poison Bottle, leaned back in his chair, and entered Cogitation while reciting the statement.

Soon, he entered a hazy gray dream world and saw a dark but spacious room.

There were king cobras, black widows, and other strange plants and animals in the room. It was a messy and harrowing scene.

A middle-aged man in a white coat was standing in front of a long table in the middle of the room. He threw the snake gall and spider venom into the huge black pot that hung from the ceiling.

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369: Inception

Editor: Atlas Studios

I've been recognized!

Klein instantly fell into shock as he nearly entered combat mode.

Even if he didn't use his Spirit Vision, he could tell from Emlyn White's tone and words that he wasn't lying. He was very confident and certain.

Just as the tense feelings rose in him, Klein suddenly thought of something.

Why should I worry about that?

Then, he answered his own question in his mind, *So what if I was recognized? The current situation is different from what it was two months ago!*

I was left flustered by the incident with Ambassador Bakerland in front of the official Beyonders. I was rushing around, trying to grasp at every possible straw. In the process, I ended up making contact with Beyonder circles, and even the possibility of me becoming a Beyonder was quite plausible. Therefore, even if my identity as a Beyonder was exposed, they wouldn't think too deeply about it and dig up my past.

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370: The Audience's Applause

Editor: Atlas Studios

Bounty reward, transportation fees, and medicine with Beyonder effects… Emlyn White was left momentarily dazed when he first heard that.

This was not the answer that he had expected.

What about your gentlemanliness? the vampire thought in shock.

As a detective, abiding by clear accounting principles is necessary. Besides, you've even delayed my visit to the Quelaag Club. I don't know what food they've offered in limited supply for the past two days… Klein looked at Emlyn White as he joked and lampooned silently.

After a few seconds, Emlyn forced a smile and said, "I have to see the patient before I can concoct the appropriate medicine."

From your tone, you sound really confident… Klein nodded thoughtfully.

He then thought of a problem.

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371: Detective Moriarty's First Fan

Editor: Atlas Studios

"No, it's just good luck. God was watching over me." Klein modestly stepped aside and invited Stuart in.

What he said was the truth, and this matter did involve good luck. Long before Stuart had accepted the mission, he already knew of Emlyn White's whereabouts.

Stewart shivered as he took off his coat and hat and hung them on a rack in the hall.

"The darn weather is getting colder. Perhaps I should try using those coats with cotton stuffed inside them," he said.

"You can't call this cold, right? If you go to the north of Midseashire and live in Winter County for a day, you'll understand what truly low temperatures and true winter are like." Klein chuckled.

Then, he generously asked, "A cup of hot coffee?"

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372: Missing Case

Editor: Atlas Studios

After waiting for more than half an hour and confirming that nothing unexpected had happened, Klein and Emlyn White left Lawyer Jurgen's house and proceeded in silence, each of them preoccupied with their own thoughts. Soon, they arrived outside 15 Minsk Street.

The vampire, Emlyn White, put his fist to his mouth, coughed lightly, and said, "The payment has been paid. I hope we won't meet again in the future."

That sounds pretty cool, but Mr. White, have you forgotten something important? Klein smiled politely.

"I will visit Bishop Utravsky every now and then, and I hope you will not be at the Harvest Church when the time comes.

"That way, I don't have to busy myself with finding a way to resolve your psychological cue."

Emlyn White's expression suddenly became very strange. He stayed silent for two seconds before he raised his chin and said, "We have many powerful mysticologists among the Sanguine. I will write to them for help."

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373: Search

Editor: Atlas Studios

Old Kohler seemed to be a slightly afraid of her ferocity as he subconsciously took a step back.

"Liv, this is a detective, and he w-wishes to help you find Daisy."

Liv's wrinkled, peeling face turned to Klein and said coldly, "We've already made a police report."

Although she was perhaps in her thirties, she looked to be in her fifties.

Klein looked around the room where many wet clothes hung. He vaguely remembered the last time he was here. There had been a thirteen or fourteen-year-old girl, carefully holding a crude homemade iron to iron the clothes which had wrinkled from being hung to dry. Her hands had been covered with burns.

She's the "missing" Daisy… Klein looked back at the laundry maid, Liv, and said in a neutral tone, "Do you believe that the East Borough police will really be looking for Daisy?

"Are you sure the people who caused Daisy to go 'missing' wouldn't cast their sights on your family?

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374: Artificial Sleepwalking

Editor: Atlas Studios

Lawrence sat in the coffee shop booth, unable to stop himself from thinking about the hardships of the Abraham family over the years.

Ever since they had split up into smaller families and settled in other places, the Elder Council's control over the family members hit rock-bottom. A great number of Abrahams refused to advance, in order to avoid the effects of the curse; hence, many of them remained at Sequence 8 or 9. Some didn't even attempt to become Beyonders, wishing to be ordinary people with a certain amount of knowledge so as to live a calm and peaceful life.

The Elder Council believed that this was an act of forgetting the family's honor, but it couldn't be harsh on such actions since it was tantamount to self-destruction.

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375: An "Evil God's" Impressive Act

Editor: Atlas Studios

1, 2, 3, 4, 5… I think there were twelve pairs of wings… According to the canon descriptions of the various Churches, that's an angel of the highest rank… Fors tried to recall what she had seen in her reverie. She was both shocked and not that shocked, as if what she had encountered was a shocking event that she had previously taken for granted but had simply never encountered before.

It isn't surprising that Mr. Fool has the services of an angel. From the fact that Miss Justice and Mr. Hanged Man occasionally use the word "Him" to refer to him, one can imagine so. The fact that he's able to isolate the effects of the moon's ravings allows me to infer… However, my request was only to interfere with Mr. Lawrence's divination; yet, "He" actually made an Angel protect me. Isn't this too extravagant? Or is this a routine act for "Him"?

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376: Mr. Harras

Editor: Atlas Studios

In a room filled with the ethereal fragrance of Amantha extract and Eye of the Spirit medicine, Capim's henchman, who had been possessed by Klein, was made to chant The Fool's honorific name.

Amidst the monotonous yet rhythmic murmurs and the fragrance that made it difficult to focus, the man's Spirit Body gradually dissipated. He became muddleheaded but maintained a certain degree of unusual lucidity, as if he was hypnotizing himself.

With Klein's "help" in his Spirit Body form and the feedback from the chanting The Fool's honorific name, he slowly entered an "artificial sleepwalking" state. His Astral Projection approached the infinitely high gray fog and the mysterious location above the gray fog.

Klein seized the opportunity, ended the summoning, and returned to the towering ancient palace, where he sat at the seat belonging to The Fool.

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377: Capim's Dinner

Editor: Atlas Studios

Putting down his dark red fountain pen, Klein picked up the piece of paper with the divination statement and leaned back in his chair.

His lips moved as he whispered, "Capim's dinner time today," over and over again.

Klein's voice echoed above the empty gray fog as his eyes rapidly turned dark, and his eyelids drooped.

In a fragmented dreamscape, he saw the spacious, elegant dining room where there was gilded porcelain cutlery, caviar, roasted chicken, lamb stew, fried rib eye steak, deep-fried Dragon-Bone Fish, thick creamy soup, and so on.

The food was placed in a certain order according to specific requests in front of several diners. Among them was the slightly plump Capim; the middle-aged gentleman in a white wig, Harras; the thin-bloused Katy; and Parker, whose face was rather unintimidating due to his old age.

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378: The Show Begins

Editor: Atlas Studios

With a black crown and a solid suit of armor, Klein stood in the doorway, attuned himself for a few seconds, and took a step forward.

His seemingly physical body silently passed through the door and entered Capim's villa.

The first thing that met him was a spacious hall with lots of chairs and clothes racks, and behind it was a magnificent hall with gold as the main color theme.

There was no ceiling, only a dome reaching three-stories high. A giant crystal chandelier hung down, and on each "petal" was a pearly-white candle.

Through a thick, heavy door to the left of the hall was an elegant and exquisite dining room. The fragrance of roasted meat was the richest inside, concealing the smell of alcohol and other food.

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379: Magic's Key Segment

Editor: Atlas Studios

The invisible prison around Parker's body immediately collapsed, leaving not even a single trace of it behind.

However, he didn't regain his mobility. Instead, he slumped to the ground, shivering continuously, as if he was still frozen.

This wasn't only an aftereffect of Soul Touch, but also the effect of Klein's direct attack on his soul.

Parker, who was only a Sequence 8, was unable to recover in a short period of time. He couldn't even control his breathing and, as a result, inhaled large quantities of the biological poison, which was identical to the one in his body, once again.

His weakened state caused the poison in his body to act faster. His eyes stared blankly as he instinctively changed direction.

He saw Capim rolling on the ground and scratching his face and body constantly. He saw the thin strips of flesh hanging by the side of the wounds and the ghostly white color of his bones.

Parker gasped and struggled to climb over.

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380: Curtain Call

Editor: Atlas Studios

Capim lay flat on the ground, itching and aching, wishing he could tear himself apart on the spot to rid himself of this hellish pain.

Then, he saw a scarlet wave of fire that spread over in a flash, and he heard a deafening explosion.

He imagined that this last moment would seem infinitely long and that it would allow him to recall all of the beautiful scenes when his wife and children were still by his side. He thought that he would feel relieved because he would no longer have to endure this inhuman torture, but at that moment, extreme fear and an intense desire to live surged from the bottom of his heart. And the so-called memories didn't even flash past his mind before he was overwhelmed by an excruciating pain before being plunged into deep darkness.

Boom!

The dining room windows were blasted apart, accompanied by countless brick fragments and rubble, as well as the burning tongues of fire that kept reaching outwards.

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381: Conjectures

Editor: Atlas Studios

With a crackle, branched lightning lit up the early-winter night with a silvery-white flash.

It didn't smite the ground, but instead, it tore through the air, illuminating the spot where Klein stood, as if it was daytime, making him stand out.

Spellsinger of God, Ace Snake, retracted his gaze, his face was gloomy as he whispered, "Rose School of Thought?

"It's not a wraith, nor is it an undead creature…"

The mature middle-aged man with a pair of golden eyes turned his head to the side to look at Capim's corpse and said, "Covering the target's corpse with tarot cards…

"This is the second time something like this has happened in the past two months."

"When was the first instance?" Cardinal Snake asked in a deep voice.

The mature middle-aged man in the well-ironed formal suit coughed lightly and said, "The time when the True Creator attempted to descend into this world with the help of a swindler."

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382: Hero Bandit

Editor: Atlas Studios

Cherwood Borough, in the house Xio and Fors rented.

Fors was just finishing the beginning of her new book and, in her good mood, prepared to reward herself with a cigarette, when Xio pushed open the door and entered the study.

"Smoking is harmful to your health." Xio sniffed.

Fors didn't argue with her when she saw her puzzled look. Instead, she asked, "Looks like something happened to you?"

Xio scratched her rough blonde hair and sat down on a nearby chair.

"That person from before contacted me—the person who sold the Sheriff formula to me through another person at Mr. A's gathering.

"He gave me a relatively simple mission. The initial reward is thirty pounds. I don't even know if there are any hidden dangers…"

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383: Returning Home

Editor: Atlas Studios

Audrey could almost be certain that it had been done by Mr. Fool's Blessed when she heard the description of the familiar scene.

She suddenly felt a strong sense of immersion, participation, and pride.

That was a human trafficker whose hands were stained with blood and evil… The "Judgment" card is the retribution enacted against him in the name of justice. Was the verdict hanging, beheading, or burning at the stake? The Emperor should be a symbol of his identity… Was this the Blessed who sneaked into the Royal Museum and stole the Black Emperor card? Audrey let her imagination run wild for a moment.

She had intended to press for more information and finer details, but from the look on her father's face, the tone of his voice, and the color of his emotions, she could tell that he still didn't know what was going on. Therefore, she could only suppress her curiosity and planned on asking her good friend, Kance Leerhsen, from MI9.

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384: On Your Own You Check Yourself

Editor: Atlas Studios

In Empress Borough, the opulent villa of Earl Hall.

The aroma of Feynapotter's top-quality Mount Saint Dersee coffee blended with the splendid fragrance of the Queen's black tea to create an intoxicating symphony of smells. They lingered around the elegant three-tiered high tea tray, that served delicious and delicate desserts.

This was the high tea party organized by Audrey.

She had invited her friends of blue-blood parentage, all who were fellow enthusiasts in mysticism. They sat around her, talking and laughing.

Under Audrey's imperceptible guidance, Jane, Murray, and the others became extremely interested in the Black Emperor, the Hero Bandit who had appeared last night. All of them cast their eyes towards the noble-born Kance Leerhsen who had joined MI9.

"What Beyonder powers does that Black Emperor have?" the sweet-looking Christine asked curiously.

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385: A Story About Love

Editor: Atlas Studios

Looking at the dark sky being lit up by streaks of lightning, Derrick didn't knock on the doors of the few acquaintances he knew. Instead, he walked along the broadest road and walked all the way to the training field at the edge of the City of Silver.

After each exploratory team returned, they were forced to stay here for a certain period of time. Not only would it be convenient for them to communicate and report on the things they encountered in the darkness, but they would also be quarantined in a tactful manner to guard against strange things that might latch onto any member's body and suddenly erupt after a certain amount of time.

This was the result of the City of Silver's two thousand years of experience. It wasn't that complicated, but it was quite useful.

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386: A Nightmare

Editor: Atlas Studios

City of Silver.

Derrick Berg had no idea how he got home. All he remembered was the indescribable horror.

Darc Regence's character and behavior didn't appear too different from his former self. However, it was true that there was a change to him that was unsettling. Derrick was afraid that the City of Silver would be targeted by the evil god, the Fallen Creator; afraid that the City of Silver would be obliterated before he could become The Sun, saving it from its more than two-thousand-year-long curse; and give hope and sunshine to the residents here.

At that moment in time, he hated himself for not being strong enough —that he was still only at Sequence 8.

No! I can't just watch idly! Derrick suddenly stood up, and he prepared to rush to the spire and tell the other elders of the six-member council and Chief Colin Iliad of what he had discovered.

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387: The Uniqueness of a Spirit World

Editor: Atlas Studios

Aaron was relieved by Klein's explanation and reassurance, and he prepared to observe for a few more days to see if there were any more nightmares such as this.

After sending the famous surgeon out of the door with a smile, Klein's expression suddenly became solemn, as if he was thinking about something.

There was no problem with his interpretation of the dream. The pitch-black steeple, the walls and doors that blocked his path, and the giant silver snake, they all symbolized that Will Auceptin was in a situation where he was threatened by something that symbolized the child's fear and helplessness, as well as his attempts to hide behind layers of protection.

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388: Exploring the Dreamland

Editor: Atlas Studios

"What?" Old Kohler asked, not hearing him clearly.

Klein looked at the potholed road in front of him and said in a self-deprecating manner, "Nothing.

"I hope Liv's family can get out of this situation and live in better conditions."

He had indeed voiced out his thoughts. Being one of the inheritors of the Foodaholic Empire's new era, it was perfectly normal for him to think of a revolution, to mobilize the masses, and to change the world. However, when he thought about the details, he felt that he couldn't save himself just by relying on the poor. This was because Beyonder forces existed in this world. Furthermore, they were relatively supernatural and couldn't be resolved simply by firearms. For instance, Sequence 5 of the Mutant pathway.

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389: Nighthawk

Editor: Atlas Studios

The crimson moon outside the window was obscured by the clouds, its moonlight that penetrated through the curtain barely outlined the large objects in the bedroom. The darkness and intensity became the main theme of the room.

Klein sat in such an environment and was in no hurry to leave.

He looked at the sleeping Dr. Aaron and began to analyze the images he had seen in the dream.

Will Auceptin eventually held the Wheel of Fortune card in his hand. And in such a dream, everything symbolizes something. It's a revelation obtained by one's Astral Projection… In other words, Will Auceptin's matter is related to fate. Furthermore, that giant silver snake might very well represent the Snake of Mercury. This child might actually be related to a High-Sequence Beyonder, be of the Monster pathway, or some strange Sealed Artifact…

Does his danger stem from the Snake of Mercury or the result of greed due to the strange Sealed Artifact?

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390: Anticipation!

Editor: Atlas Studios

On Sunday morning, shortly after Klein finished his breakfast, he heard the doorbell ring as he had expected.

But to his surprise, it wasn't just Reporter Mike Joseph. Dr. Aaron was with him as well.

"Sherlock, I had that nightmare again last night. I don't think it's normal." Aaron didn't keep matters a secret even with Mike around, revealing it the moment he entered the living room.

Without waiting for Klein's reply, he took out his wallet and took out a paper crane.

"Do you think this is the problem?

"Ever since I found it and started to carry it with me, I've been having nightmares."

Klein nonchalantly glanced at it when his expression froze suddenly. If he hadn't been a Clown in the past and had great control over his facial muscles, then he might've revealed an undisguised smile in front of the reporter and doctor. Yes, a smile.

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391: The Great Seafarer Roselle

Editor: Atlas Studios

I know that… Audrey's eyes were half-turned, and her chin was slightly raised. She happily cast her gaze diagonally across her, towards a stone pillar that supported the dome.

She quickly withdrew her gaze, ready to admire the reaction of Mr. Hanged Man after he heard the answer.

Fors vaguely realized one thing: *The so-called Roselle's diary can be exchanged with Mr. Fool for answers to certain questions, and maybe even some items!*

Roselle's diary? Is it referring to the notes that are written with Roselle's unique symbols that no one can interpret? They were actually diary entries? Mr. Hanged Man's tone sounded very firm and Mr. Fool didn't retort him…

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392: Listening to Little Sun's Story

Editor: Atlas Studios

Derrick was originally anxious to ask about the Fallen Creator, but when he heard The Hanged Man's question, he answered honestly, "He's dead."

"He's dead?" Justice, The Hanged Man, and The Magician expressed their surprise at the same time.

They really didn't expect this turn of events. After all, the former captain of the exploratory team had been locked up for decades without any problems. Who would've thought that he would die right after they discussed about him!?

At this moment, aside from Mr. Fool, only the gloomy and reserved The World maintained his original state.

Derrick nodded and said, "Yes. After I returned to the City of Silver, I wanted to glean more information from the former captain using Mr. Hanged Man's suggestions, but he suddenly appeared behind me, asking me if I was looking for him."

Upon hearing this, Audrey suddenly drew a short breath.

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393: The Worm of Time

Editor: Atlas Studios

After a brief moment of blankness, Audrey quickly understood what The Sun was saying—he was saying that Mr. Fool had sent "His" angel to purify Amon's avatar!

Angel!

Mr. Fool sent an angel!

Mr. Fool really has an angel as an attendant!

Every angel has at least the power of a Sequence 2…

Although that's expected and I've already expected it, it's still amazing because it has finally been verified!

And only deities can control angels!

Audrey's eyes shone with excitement. She couldn't help but wonder what Mr. Fool's angel looked like.

I wonder if I'll be lucky enough to see that… She looked towards the end of the long bronze table with admiration and zeal.

At the same time, her spiritual perception told her that Mr. World, who was always gloomy, had also sat up straight in shock, which pleased her inexplicably.

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394: Sights in the Spirit World

Editor: Atlas Studios

Klein knew very well why Miss Justice was looking at him. Being aware of the Lanevus incident, she was certain that he had many conflicts, both in the open and in the shadows, between himself and the True Creator, and that it was normal for him to have the corresponding items, perhaps even quite a few of them, in his possession.

Logically speaking, there's nothing wrong with her thinking. In fact, I have crossed the True Creator several times, and I do have an item that fits those descriptions… Klein sighed inwardly.

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395: The Sheriff Beyonder Characteristics

Editor: Atlas Studios

Black Emperor? The Hanged Man, who was casually listening to Miss Justice, suddenly raised his head. His gaze suddenly became sharp and piercing.

He had just learned that the card in Mr. Fool's hand was one of the Cards of Blasphemy created by Emperor Roselle; the name of the card was Black Emperor!

Does this have to do with Mr. Fool? Alger quickly glanced at the end of the long bronze table, before immediately lowering his head.

If it was really done by Mr. Fool's Blessed, this definitely isn't a simple matter… Alger listened attentively to Miss Justice's subsequent descriptions.

Fors, who had long since learned of this from Xio and had some predictions about it, also gave The Fool a glance. She wanted to see the truth from the concealed entity's reaction, but The Fool remained as calm as ever in the thick gray fog.

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396: Great White Brotherhood

Editor: Atlas Studios

After returning to the real world, Fors sat at her desk and lost herself in thought about the Abraham family for a while. She had a whole new understanding of the few words mentioned in the mysticism notebooks she had.

So that's how it is… It's no wonder Mrs. Aulisa didn't wish to inform Mr. Lawrence of her and her husband's death… Now that I think about it, the Abraham family is really pitiful and sad… Fors muttered a few sentences to herself before rummaging and taking out Sights in the Spirit World from a pile of ordinary books, in preparation to copy the first and second chapters.

For this, she entered Cogitation and adjusted her breathing in order to be in her optimal condition. Otherwise, just copying the contents of Sights in the Spirit World would bring her mania and confusion.

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397: Apocalyptic Prophecy

Editor: Atlas Studios

Relying on the power of the mysterious space above the gray fog, Klein quickly recovered a good state of mind and continued to read the second chapter of the Sights in the Spirit World.

The traveler of the Abraham family, the owner of the notebook, claimed that when he wandered into the depths of the spirit world, he met an elder dressed in lemon-yellow robes.

The elder's body was translucent and was abnormally similar to the surrounding creatures of the spirit world, but his attitude was surprisingly amiable.

The traveler from the Abraham family conversed with the elder for a while, and he was surprised to find out that the elder was actually one of the seven pure lights that blanketed the spirit world at the highest elevation—"Yellow Light" Venithan.

Venithan told the traveler of the Abraham family that his own characteristics were reason and adaptation, that he was the symbol of astromancy, and that his corresponding gem was emerald.

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398: Alluring Mushrooms

Editor: Atlas Studios

Darc? The image of Darc appeared in Derrick's mind.

He was of medium height, slightly plump, and strong. He was an optimistic, cheerful teenager who often beamed with a friendly smile. He was a classmate during general education and a teammate of the patrol squad.

But after this exploration of the Fallen Creator's half-destroyed temple, he had become reserved and merely smiled at everyone.

Once he recalled Darc Regence's changes, Derrick couldn't help but quiver as he felt a chill down his spine.

Why did he suddenly come looking for me? Shouldn't he be heading home after being removed from quarantine? At that moment, many questions arose in Derrick's mind.

Suddenly, he thought of a possibility.

Elder Lovia knows that I've suspected that something abnormal had happened to them, so she sent Darc to deal with me?

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399: The Corrupted

Editor: Atlas Studios

In the Berg household in the City of Silver.

Looking at the bloodstained scalp, Derrick suddenly recalled what it previously looked like. It was a beautiful and alluring "mushroom," one that he almost couldn't control himself from swallowing.

The Doom fruits, that Darc had shared with him and produced crisp, crunchy sounds when they were bitten into, were actually bloody pieces of human fingers with slightly pale skin!

At that moment, Derrick had a violent spasm in his stomach before a gush of acid surged to his throat.

Resisting the urge to vomit, he quickly croaked a line of lyrics, "God, please have your kingdom descend upon this land. Your enemies will disperse, and your followers will relish in joy!"

There was a touch of warmth and holiness in the song, and Derrick felt all the discomfort in his body weaken. His spirituality also became full and lively.

His courage, his strength, and his agility were all greatly enhanced by this song.

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400: The Growth of the "Rookie"

Editor: Atlas Studios

In a dark and sturdy room, Derrick Berg, who had feigned unconsciousness, suddenly rolled to his feet.

His Axe of Hurricane had already been taken away by someone and sent for inspection. Every pocket on him had also been emptied out, leaving nothing behind.

Derrick took a breath and looked around steadily.

Suddenly, his eyes lit up with two sun-like beams, causing everything in the room to be reflected clearly in his eyes.

The furniture here consisted of only a table and two chairs. Apart from these, there was also a stone-paved floor with strange patterns on it.

A half used candle was placed on the table. This was standard issue for rooms in the City of Silver because monsters could suddenly appear if the darkness prevailed for too long.

Without any hesitation, Derrick sat down and reached for the candle.

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401: Divine Epiphany

Editor: Atlas Studios

Backlund, in a basement that resembled a temple.

Mr. A, dressed in a hooded black robe, motionlessly quietly knelt in front of a figurine of The Hanged Giant for an extended period of time.

Suddenly, he pricked up his ears as if he was listening to something.

After a short pause, Mr. A's hands jerked up, and he snapped his right index finger with his left palm.

He stuffed the bloody finger into his mouth and munched on it like he was eating snacks, making crunching sounds.

Gulp!

Mr. A's throat wiggled, and he swallowed his gnawed fingers into his stomach.

His body suddenly trembled, as if he was being grabbed and shaken by an invisible figure.

In this state, Mr. A stretched out his right hand and used the blood from his wound to write words on the ground.

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402: Digging

Editor: Atlas Studios

Who is it? Klein jerked his head up to look at the door.

He felt as if he were suffering from an illness; the fear of hearing the doorbell ring was identical to the symptoms he had experienced on Earth—being afraid of his cell phone's ringing.

Putting down the newspaper and magazine, he looked at the empty plate which had been cleaned even of its seasonings, then he stood up, and he walked to the door.

Before he got a hold of the handle, he already knew that it was Dr. Aaron outside.

Don't you need to work? Klein mumbled as he opened the door.

"Good morning, Aaron. The fog is gray today." He smiled.

Aaron was still wearing his cold expression, but there was an additional sense of anxiety and fear written on his face.

He nudged his gold-rimmed spectacles and, without bothering to greet him, bluntly said, "Sherlock, I had another dream! I dreamed of Will Auceptin again!"

Ah? Klein almost froze.

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403: The Fate of a Private Detective

Editor: Atlas Studios

He's dead?

Will Auceptin is dead?

And he seems to have been dead for some time!

Could this be fake?

Klein looked at the body of the child in surprise and suspicion as many thoughts bubbled in his mind.

From what he knew, Will Auceptin was a special child who could be involved with a Sequence 1 of the Monster pathway, Snake of Mercury, in some way.

In the divination game he played, a casual "Doctor, your luck will get worse" was enough to make Aaron suffer from bad luck for an extended period of time. The paper crane he folded allowed Aaron's Astral Projection to be located in the spirit world and be instilled with artificial revelations. Even above the gray fog, Klein only received an inkling of his location and couldn't come to an effective conclusion… How could such a child die for no reason? He was dead before Dr. Aaron's dreams? What about his family?

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404: Entrust

Editor: Atlas Studios

West Borough, Carlpensa Hotel.

Fors helped Lawrence into his room and laid him down on the bed.

It was a rather luxurious hotel, with thick, soft, grayish-yellow carpets everywhere except the washroom. On the walls hung imitations of famous oil paintings.

Lawrence gasped for air and said, "Thank you, Miss Wall, and please forgive a dying man for not being able to bow."

"No, Mr. Lawrence, your problem has eased. As a former medical doctor, I can tell you without a doubt that you can still live. After some rest, we'll go to a clinic or a hospital," Fors consoled him.

Lawrence smiled. "I know my physical condition very well. You don't have to comfort me. Besides, I'm an amateur astrologer. I already had a premonition that I'm going to die in this hotel in Backlund."

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405: "Cult"

Editor: Atlas Studios

"The Fool?" The Beyonders who attended Mr. A's gathering either ruminated over the phrase or conversed with their companions to discuss whether they had ever met anyone who had a similar faith.

"When did such a cult appear?" someone asked in a low voice.

At this point, Mr. A made the attendant beside him hold up a blackboard with a few lines of words written in the Loen language.

"The Fool that doesn't belong to this era.

"The mysterious ruler above the gray fog.

"The King of Yellow and Black who wields good luck."

As the attendees examined the blackboard, Mr. A said in a hoarse and jarring voice, "Do not use Hermes to read what's written here. Even more so for Jotun, Elvish, Dragonese, and ancient Hermes. You shouldn't even write the corresponding descriptions; otherwise, there is a high probability that something terrible will happen.

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406: A Joyous But Extremely Helpless Reality

Editor: Atlas Studios

Above the gray fog, the magnificent palace stood silently.

Klein drummed his fingers rhythmically on the edge of the long bronze table, concentrating on what he could do in the face of the threat of the Aurora Order and Mr. A.

While having a hard time figuring out the other party's intentions, he instinctively came up with an idea.

Report Mr. A! Report illegal gatherings!

Klein could very easily learn of the location where Mr. A held the gathering through Miss Magician, and thus, he would be able to easily report it to the Nighthawks, the Mandated Punisher, or the Machinery Hivemind in secret.

An Oracle of the Aurora Order was bound to garner enough attention!

When that happens, Mr. A's safety would probably be at risk, so he probably wouldn't have the time or effort to track down the believers of The Fool.

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407: The True Blessed

Editor: Atlas Studios

Inside the Harvest Church.

Klein tilted his head to glance at Emlyn White. Without ruining the serene atmosphere, he deliberately suppressed his voice and laughed, returning with a question.

"Are you short on money?"

As soon as the words left his mouth, he felt as if he were asking if Emlyn knew about the multi-level marketing company, Amway.

Emlyn was first taken aback before he scoffed.

"Don't insult a noble Sanguine with money!"

Klein instantly sneered. Looking at the tall and brawny Father Utravsky in front of him, he said rather casually, "According to what I know, those handmade dolls are not cheap. They can even be called expensive, especially those that are as tall as a human."

"…" Emlyn gaped his mouth in an attempt to retort, but he failed to say a word.

After a moment of silence, he coughed lightly, feigned indifference, and said, "Tell me, what is it that you want my help with? I'm not a Sanguine who likes riddles."

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408: A Bold Assumption

Editor: Atlas Studios

Dorian drew the curtains, cloaking the office with darkness before he sat down.

He held the crystal ball in his left hand while touching its top with his right palm. As he stroked the crystal ball back and forth, he kept chanting softly.

Gradually, the radiant points of light within the crystal ball began to shine brighter and brighter, becoming more and more obvious, as if the stars in the night sky were casting their reflections.

Often used to determine the direction of fate, the stars in the trajectory of one's life surfaced one after another, forming a three-dimensional astrolabe with many revelations from the spirit world that resembled symbols.

Dorian Gray finally stopped and studied it.

She wasn't lying… That really was the trajectory of the situation… She seems to be able to bring about changes to the Abraham family—optimistic changes… As the light from the crystal ball dimmed, Dorian stood up, having already made up his mind.

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409: December

Editor: Atlas Studios

What? Getting me to investigate myself again? Klein nearly suspected that this was a deliberate test.

An organization that uses tarot cards to represent itself really is interesting, and I think so, but I don't want to sell myself out… Right, Capim's matter is clearly not that simple. He had a total of four Beyonders protecting him, so there must be a powerful faction behind him. What's the difference between investigating this case and being involved in high society strife? Well, this isn't something Sherlock Moriarty should know… Klein revealed a thoughtful expression, and while weighing his options, he said, "It's not easy to find a mysterious organization. Besides, it's very dangerous."

Talim seemed to have expected his answer and chuckled.

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410: Framis Cage

Editor: Atlas Studios

St. George Borough, Sird Street.

As soon as Klein and Jurgen alighted from the carriage, they saw a massive object parked in front of Inventor Leppard's door.

It was iron-black in color, with a dozen wheels in three groups, the top of which towered like a ship's chimney, and smoke was emitted from it.

It was a steam car that Klein had seen in magazines and on the streets, often described by the public as an ironclad warship with a rather exaggerated body.

If the streets that hadn't been built or rebuilt in the last twenty or thirty years, then it would've filled the roads and left no room for horse carriages. Therefore, transportation vehicle such as this could only be seen in certain areas and places.

At this moment, the heavy glass window and door of the car opened, and two figures stepped out.

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411: Coming In Throngs

Editor: Atlas Studios

Seems to be of Balam lineage… a university lecturer… It really is Mr. Azik, not someone sharing the same name… Using the information provided by Old Kohler, Klein basically confirmed that the person the bounty was aimed at was the suspected descendant of Death, Azik.

Here lies the problem. Who or what organization is looking for Mr. Azik?

The Numinous Episcopate whose ultimate goal is to revive Death? Ince Zangwill who likes to play the mastermind behind the scenes?

It's unlikely to be the latter. Ince Zangwill has Sealed Artifact 0-08, which allows a target to act according to his descriptions, and through a series of coincidences, he can achieve his desired objective. There's no need at all for him to use the gangs and bounty hunters to find Mr. Azik…

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412: Letter

Editor: Atlas Studios

When he thought about the possibility that the Devil dog's owner was involved, Klein changed his strategy and decided to recount his involvement with Isengard Stanton in great detail.

In addition, he took the initiative to mention Isengard Stanton's assembly of a team of detectives to investigate the serial murder and the portion of the bounty that they successfully obtained.

"In that commission, although I only gave some ideas, well—in the jargon of the private detective industry, I provided suggestions, but it was still considered the greatest contribution by Mr. Stanton, so I received the bulk of the bounty," Klein concluded.

The two officers in charge of the interrogation jotted down the information and asked if anyone could prove it. Klein gave them the names and addresses of Stuart, Kaslana, and the other private detectives.

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413: Visitors

Editor: Atlas Studios

Inside the Rice Police Station which was in charge of Minsk Street and the surrounding district.

Klein shook hands with the officer who escorted him out.

"This threatening letter must've had something to do with the previous serial murders. The organizer of the detective team, the great detective, Mr. Isengard Stanton, has already been attacked this afternoon!

"Please take it seriously."

The police officer retracted his hand and said, "Don't worry, Mr. Moriarty. We definitely won't ignore your suggestion and immediately report it to the higher-ups."

"Thank you so much." Klein put on his hat and walked out the door.

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414: Desire Apostle

Editor: Atlas Studios

While Stuart was raising his gun to aim, Klein, who had long been on guard, had already detected it. He lunged forward at the same time as Stuart performed his series of actions.

Bang!

Stuart, who was clearly out of control, pulled the trigger, and the bullet grazed the side of a private detective's face as it hit the wall.

Instantly, the other detectives pulled out their revolvers as a result of the stress. It was as if they were looking at the enemy, turning the scene extremely chaotic.

Among them, Stuart and a private detective had flushed faces and bulging veins. Their eyes burned with a mixture of fear and anger, as though they had turned into so-called devils.

At this moment, Kaslana bellowed, "Stop!"

Her voice wasn't loud, but it was filled with awe. It made everyone's body tremble, and they subconsciously complied.

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415: The Ring

Editor: Atlas Studios

Klein didn't have too big of a response in regards to Isengard Stanton's suggestion. He looked at the tightly-closed door of the activity room and said, "As far as I know, a Devil can predict danger before we take action, and they can even determine the source of the danger, thus providing an effective response.

"It's hard to find and restrain him."

Isengard nodded slightly and said, "Yes, that's indeed the case, but this doesn't mean that there are no solutions."

"What solutions?" Kaslana immediately asked.

Isengard smiled and said, "I fought him head-on and witnessed his Beyonder powers of predicting danger, so I have a rough idea of its strengths and weaknesses.

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416: Two Rights Make A Wrong

Editor: Atlas Studios

Kacha!

When Klein saw Isengard Stanton's back cave in, even he felt a faint pain in his spine.

Isengard fell to the ground with a thud, seemingly instantly losing consciousness from the pain.

Kaslana, on the other hand, stood in her original spot, gasping for breath with a blank look in her eyes. Her forehead was covered in cold sweat, and there was no follow-up attack.

It was as if she had just awoken from a long nightmare caused by her emotions. All the strength in her body had completely disappeared from her previous outburst.

Huff! Puff! Kaslana's body swayed, on the brink of collapsing.

Klein's eyes narrowed as he rushed up to Isengard Stanton in two steps.

He kneeled and tried to help him up.

Isengard, who was sprawled on the ground, cried out in pain, "Run!

"Don't worry about me!"

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417: Arrodes

Editor: Atlas Studios

Seeing the scene in the silver mirror, Klein revealed a pensive expression.

This mirror is very powerful, and it even has its own name. It seems to be a living Sealed Artifact…

Such items might not be too harmful, but the difficulty of sealing it is very high. It's seldom used except for special situations. This person named Ikanser Bernard from the Machinery Hivemind seems to be highly-ranked. He should be a deacon, and definitely not a simple one at that…

Divination is limited, so the outcome would almost be the same as the result shown by the silver mirror. Even if I were to go above the gray fog, I wouldn't obtain a better result.

There's no way to determine the Desire Apostle's appearance. There are countless people in Backlund with high cheekbones and blue eyes…

As Klein was in the midst of his thoughts, the scene produced by the silver mirror quickly dispersed.

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418: The Power of the Mind

Editor: Atlas Studios

Audrey knew that her mind and psyche were being influenced by some kind of Beyonder power. It was only because of the "Angel's Blessing" provided by Mr. Fool that she was able to miraculously be immune to that state. Therefore, she decided to set certain things in motion, using small secrets to stun her counterparts, so as to hide the more crucial matters, in return for obtaining greater trust.

The reason why she was doing this wasn't because she didn't believe in the angel, but because she felt that she could observe her counterparty just like how they were observing her.

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419: Wishing

Editor: Atlas Studios

Polymath… This Sequence sounds strong just from its name… The Reader pathway's Sequence 7 is called Knowledge Keeper or Detective. It's a "job" that leans towards grasping knowledge and deduction. At most, it would be accompanied by decent combat techniques and the ability to use machinery, so it cannot be considered powerful. But at Sequence 6, there seems to be a sudden qualitative change, especially more so in the field of Beyonder combat… From the looks of it, each Beyonder pathway has its own critical point below the High Sequences, but it isn't fixed at a particular Sequence. For example, the Seer pathway's critical point is Magician… Klein drank a mouthful of hot coffee and didn't try probing on the secrets to other Sequences. Instead, he smiled and said, "Mr. Stanton, you seem to be quite relaxed. You're not nervous or worried at all."

Isengard didn't answer immediately. He put down his knife and fork, took out his pipe, and said, "You don't mind, right?"

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420: Devil Family

Editor: Atlas Studios

West Borough, 6 Edward Street.

Ikanser Bernard pressed down on his black hat, pointed at the door behind the fountain, and said to Klein, Isengard, and Kaslana, "We have reverse-investigated the various information channels for any leaks of news or information. Combined with the outline of their side profile, as well—as well as getting the help of the magic mirror, we managed to have a preliminary suspect."

You obviously paused for a moment when you mentioned the magic mirror. I wonder what price you paid to get the answer you wanted… Klein sensed the problem in Ikanser's tone and felt a baffling hint of sympathy for him.

"It's the owner of this house?" Kaslana returned with a question, sounding almost certain.

Isengard Stanton looked around and said, as if pondering, "You chose to inform us directly because you found another piece of evidence?"

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421: Expensive Materials

Editor: Atlas Studios

The front door to Patrick Jason's house suddenly burst open, and a group of Nighthawks in black tweed coats jogged inside.

They wore vigilant and alert expressions, as though they were facing an extremely terrifying enemy.

Tap! Tap! Tap! A person decked out in full silver armor walked in.

The armor exuded a feeling that made it seem like it was abnormally heavy. Various details about it adhered to an ancient style, and from its left shoulder, all the way diagonally to the abdomen area, it was stained with a splash of dark red blood that appeared impossible to remove. Coupled with the sputtering red spots in other places, it created a very queer and beautiful scene, as if it was a unique and magnificent decoration.

Soul Assurer Soest took out his pocket watch and gave it a look.

"Change."

The silver armor stopped, lifting its visor to reveal the wearer. It was a handsome man with black hair and green eyes.

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422: The True Jason

Editor: Atlas Studios

Inside the bathroom in 15 Minsk Street.

Klein took out a paper figurine from a concealed pocket, shook it, and transformed it into a body double.

He made the body double sit on the toilet with a newspaper in hand as a way to deceive others. Then, he hid himself in the shadows, took four steps counterclockwise, and went above the gray fog.

These series of actions were even more magical than magic!

Inside the majestic ancient palace, Klein sat at the very end of the long bronze table, conjuring Jason Beria's handkerchief in front of him.

It was only a projection, but it could also be used for divination as long as the handkerchief didn't leave his body in the real world. The earliest instance was back when he used the projection of the Mutated Sun Sacred Emblem in Tingen City as a divination object. At that time, he still didn't know how to summon himself, and he was unable to bring items with spirituality above the gray fog.

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423: Winds Arise

Editor: Atlas Studios

"Yes, a month or so ago." Aaron nudged his gold-rimmed glasses and gave him a positive answer.

A month or so ago? Isn't that when you were being troubled by Will Auceptin-related nightmares? Klein was surprised and puzzled, but he didn't let his emotions show.

In the blink of an eye, he thought of the two divinations he had made.

Will Auceptin was in a dark room with the sound of running water outside.

Was that symbolizing amniotic fluid or blood? Klein's heart chilled as he suddenly understood something.

When he looked at Dr. Aaron again, he wore a rather complicated look in his eyes.

He suspected that his wife was carrying Will Auceptin, a Snake of Mercury!

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424: The Problem of Change

Editor: Atlas Studios

Inside the carriage outside the Quelaag Club.

"The Desire Apostle might not necessarily be Jason Beria? You believe that we might've been misled?" Ikanser didn't scoff, show contempt, or think lightly of what Klein had said. Instead, he began to seriously discuss the problem with him.

Not a bad deacon… However, it could also be due to him frequently using the magic mirror name Arrodes. No matter how bad his temper is, it would eventually be worn out… Klein praised silently and nodded sincerely.

"This is my personal opinion, derived from a cautious standpoint.

"It's very easy to prove it again. Ask the magic mirror of the Desire Apostle's location, and not of Jason Beria's location."

Ikanser pressed down his hat and said, "Makes sense."

His expression turned serious once again, and his gaze landed on the magic mirror in his palm.

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425: Under the Roses

Editor: Atlas Studios

Beyond the window, the glass greenhouse reflected the pale light of the sun, and the bright roses stood out even in the thin fog.

In the bedroom, Duke Negan seemed to have recovered the feeling of following his father and elders around the vast lands when he was young, riding a horse, using a hound, and chasing a wild beast.

Finally, he climaxed and the surroundings seemed to become abnormally quiet.

At this moment, his mind suddenly buzzed once. He felt as if the pleasure and comfort he was feeling had suddenly exploded one after another. It continued exploding without end or limit, again and again.

Duke Negan's waist kept shaking, and his eyes were blank, his brain having lost its train of thought.

His heart began to beat violently in an unbearable manner, like a steam boiler whose pressure had gone beyond its limits. It could blow up at any time, and hot steam could gush out at any moment.

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426: 1-42

Editor: Atlas Studios

The Desire Apostle, who had once worn Patrick Jason's skin, stopped in his tracks and looked around in bewilderment.

Only now did he vaguely realize that danger was approaching.

He was at the edge of a garden where the grass had withered due to winter and was revealing dark brown soil.

On the right side of the street, there weren't many pedestrians on the weekday afternoon. At this moment, there were only a few people passing by, but they didn't notice anything out of the ordinary.

Suddenly, a silver glint appeared in the eyes of the Desire Apostle, and a person decked out in full body armor emerged from the other side of the garden.

The armor was stained with congealed blood, diagonally from its left shoulder all the way down. It exuded a bewitching beauty and appeared to be extremely heavy. Every step it took slightly shook the ground.

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427: The Choice of The Times

Editor: Atlas Studios

The murky river in the sewers flowed beneath the unlit surroundings. If a normal person walked in here, then he would have to carry a lantern in order to see the necessary details of the situation clearly.

However, to Klein, who was in his Spirit Body state, this wasn't an obstacle. Everything around him had long been reflected in his "eyes."

Therefore, when the Desire Apostle discovered him, he also discovered the Desire Apostle.

He didn't speak, nor did he hesitate. He opened his mouth and let out a soundless screech.

This was an attack that directly damaged the soul!

The Desire Apostle suddenly stopped moving, as if someone had delivered a heavy blow to him.

Large patches of shadow-like black substances fell off his body, as though he was shaking off the snowflakes that had been tainted with the deepest desires.

In that instant, the Desire Apostle, who was already severely injured, almost fainted.

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428: The Scapegoat

Editor: Atlas Studios

West Borough, 9 Hope Street, the Prime Minister's residence.

Aguesid Negan stood behind a large table and looked at Earl Hall with a serious expression.

"Lord Hall, my secretary should've briefed you on what has happened. You're the first noble that I've thought of at this moment."

The important member of the Conservative Party, who was presently Prime Minister of the Cabinet, looked like he had aged considerably. His tall, thin figure leaned forward as if unable to bear the bad news, to the point of needing to prop himself up on the table with both hands.

But his eyes were still sharp and his attitude calm.

Earl Hall, who had a beautiful mustache, sighed and said, "I'm sorry to hear this piece of news. It has shocked me greatly. I was thinking of visiting His Grace in a few days to discuss the bill that we're all very concerned about, but who would've known that he would be attacked…"

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429: Various Parties

Editor: Atlas Studios

The street lamps at night illuminated the wet ground, which was sent splashing by the occasional horse carriage that passed by.

Backlund was located in the middle of the kingdom, only dozens of kilometers from the Sonia Sea, and it rained frequently all year round. The highest temperature in July was only 28 degrees Celsius, and the lowest was around 2 degrees Celsius in winter. The weather seldom had a chance of dropping to zero or lower, but this didn't stop people from feeling the cold here. Even the northerners from Feysac, who were used to living in ice and snow, sometimes couldn't bear the humidity that penetrated through their clothing and flesh.

Klein stood behind the oriel window in a room which didn't have its fireplace lit. He looked at the tranquil scene outside and felt relaxed in his body, heart, and soul.

As long as he gathered the ingredients and concocted the potion, he could immediately advance to Sequence 6, becoming a Faceless.

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430: A Brand New Day

Editor: Atlas Studios

Twilight Hermit Order…

What kind of organization is it? Why haven't I heard of it? When Mr. Hanged Man was filling me in on the general knowledge of the various factions, he didn't even mention anything about this…

Audrey was both surprised and confused. As the gray fog faded away, Mr. Fool's aloof figure had vanished.

Her eyes darted around as she quickly made a guess.

This organization known as the Twilight Hermit Order sounds even more powerful and mysterious than the other underground powers such as the Aurora Order and the Life School of Thought. It's so unknown that even the knowledgeable and experienced Mr. Hanged Man, who's closely related to the Church of Storms, doesn't know of its existence…

And their plot was directed at a powerful noble of the kingdom, one of the most powerful people in the world.

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431: A Drowning Man Shouldn’t Desperately Clutch at Straws

Editor: Atlas Studios

Upon hearing Klein's question, Emlyn White jumped in fright as he carefully sized him up and said, "You're richer than I thought."

He had imagined that Sherlock Moriarty would take at least a week to raise 2,450 pounds.

"I've been saving for a long time." Klein sighed in response.

Emlyn nodded thoughtfully.

"It's so lucrative being a private detective?"

"This is just an identity that makes things convenient. If you don't encounter a huge bounty, it'll be two to three hundred pounds a year," Klein said frankly.

Emlyn glanced at him and asked casually, "So what do you actually do? Smuggling arms? Stealing from the vaults of the rich and powerful? For Beyonders below Sequence 7, there's not much that can be done to save up more than 2,000 pounds so quickly, and most of them are gray areas that border on breaking the law. "

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432: Contracted Creatures

Editor: Atlas Studios

Dorian Gray's question didn't surprise Fors at all. She had been prepared after keeping in contact with him for the past month, and she had even asked the experienced Mr. Hanged Man at the Tarot Club to decide what kind of expression and reaction she should use when faced with the question.

"Are there really such Beyonders?" Fors asked in surprise.

Dorian gently nodded.

"Yes."

He looked around to make sure that there was no one around, then he walked up to a tree with fallen leaves and pressed his hand on it.

Dorian's figure suddenly blurred, as if turning into a reflection in the water.

When it was clear, he had already appeared behind the tree, his posture unchanging.

"Oh god! That's really, really amazing!" Remembering the teachings of Mr. Hanged Man and Miss Justice, her mouth opened in a semicircle as she exclaimed.

Dorian walked back, smiled, and asked, "Do you want to become such a Beyonder?"

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433: Intelligence Peddler

Editor: Atlas Studios

The original Creator? Klein was stunned for a moment, and then he immediately thought of the intelligence that Old Kohler had previously given him.

Recently, there had been people preaching the faith of the original Creator in East Borough, the dock area, and the factory district. It pushed the belief that "He" hadn't really passed away and that he existed in the body of every human being and every object. As long as one served "Him" wholeheartedly and praised "Him," then not only would "His" believers be redeemed after death, but they would also enter "His" kingdom. They would also suffer tremendous improvements in their present life, for instance, having sizzling meat to eat every day.

This was very close to the Aurora Order's theory of the mutated Creator, so Klein had decided that it was the secret organization which was behind it. He felt that they had begun to value the vast majority of the poor after the Lanevus incident.

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434: Tomb and Bounty

Editor: Atlas Studios

She knows? Klein was overjoyed, and quickly asked, "Where?"

In his heart, he was already prepared to pay the "consultation fee."

Sharron sat there without moving and said, like a talking doll, "In one of the gatherings that Maric participated in, someone once discovered the tomb of an ancient noble. They explored the periphery but didn't dare to venture deep, but there were traces of Human-skinned Shadow activity.

"They hoped to recruit a team strong enough to completely explore the tomb and split the valuables equally."

To seek help in a gathering of Beyonders who are not familiar with each other, how can all parties guarantee each other's credibility? What if there's no tomb at all, and it's just a trap? Klein quickly thought and asked in response, "Did they succeed?"

"Yes," Sharron answered simply.

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435: Aggregation Effect

Editor: Atlas Studios

8 p.m., Harvest Church.

After changing back into his usual attire, Klein looked around once as he pressed down on the edge of his hat. Then, he walked into the hall and headed for Emlyn White who was standing before three rows of candles on the right side of the hall.

At the vampire's feet was a black suitcase, its surface was seemingly covered with a layer of a wall of spirituality.

Upon sensing Detective Sherlock Moriarty coming in, Emlyn was first pleased before revealing an alarmed look.

He bent down to grab his suitcase and took a few steps back, closing the gap he had with Father Utravsky who was focused on praying.

Are you afraid that I'll rob you of the Beyonder ingredients… Klein stopped three meters away, then he smiled and said, "Let me first verify if it's the two ingredients I need."

Emlyn White ran his hand through his hair, lifted the leather case to his chest and undid the buckle.

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436: Klein's Request

Editor: Atlas Studios

Seeing the white foam of the Southville beer being placed in front of Sherlock Moriarty, Carlson finally came to his senses.

It was only when the bartender was a certain distance away from them did he ask in a suppressed voice, "What do you want?"

Klein picked up his glass and took a sip. He took a few seconds to savor the bitter taste of the malt and the faint sweetness from it.

"Cheers!" He looked sideways at Carlson and smiled before raising his glass.

Without hesitation, Carlson shook his head and refused the offer, mumbling, "You have beer, while I have strong distilled liquor. It's not suitable for a toast."

Klein was only going through the motions, so he once again took a sip of his Southville beer, looked straight ahead, and chuckled.

"What I want is very simple.

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437: Obituary

Editor: Atlas Studios

This wasn't the first time Klein had seen someone familiar die in front of him, but it was the most abrupt and unforeseen death. The expression on Talim Dumont's face when he had asked about what it felt to really like someone was a vivid expression of hidden excitement and flaunting, but one which couldn't be directly shared due to the need of being careful as a result of certain factors.

That was too fast… Normal diseases do not cause death so quickly! Klein's expression was solemn as he lightly tapped his molars to activate his Spirit Vision.

He dropped to one knee and crouched down. He saw Talim Dumont's aura and the colors of his emotions fading rapidly.

Furthermore, there were strands of black gas wrapped around his heart like a snake which were gradually dimming.

A Beyonder ability similar to a curse? Klein instantly made a preliminary conclusion.

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438: Invitation

Editor: Atlas Studios

The royal family… Klein held the letter he received from Isengard Stanton and silently murmured to himself.

He looked up and outside the window, and he saw the rain pattering down. The gas lamps on the streets were giving off quiet halos.

Inside the living room, the coffee table was neat and tidy, with a few stacks of newspapers placed in the corner. There was silence all around him.

Klein sat on the sofa as he leaned forward a little. He sat there silently for a long time.

After nearly ten minutes, he exhaled and shook his head. Slowly and heavily, he tossed the letter into the trash can.

He slowly stood up and expressionlessly walked to the second floor.

And in the trash can, Isengard Stanton's letter caught fire silently and quickly crumpled into black ashes.

…

On Monday morning, Klein stood in front of the mirror, pressed his right thumb and middle finger to his temples, and rubbed them with a little more strength.

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439: The Generous Prince

Editor: Atlas Studios

The scene before his eyes reminded Klein of the romance story which Talim Dumont had told him.

His noble friend had fallen in love with a commoner woman and was insistent on marrying her. However, being in the top circle of the aristocracy, the marriage was absolutely prohibited. Talim had been vexed over this matter, and he had even considered the prospect of hiring a murderer, but in the end, he managed to persuade the woman to leave his friend on her own accord.

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440: Angel Family

Editor: Atlas Studios

Just as Klein picked up the diary, Audrey added, "Mr. Fool, I still have ten diary pages which will be given to you later. It is for the payment for your previous blessing."

She repeated her private promise so as to not let Mr. Fool think that she had forgotten about it, and the reason why she had provided payment for the information regarding the Twilight Hermit Order was to first settle the "debt" while having the intention to show off a little.

The payment for the blessing… Fors ruminated over these words and suddenly realized an important oversight on her part.

On the matter regarding the Abraham family, Mr. Fool had sent his angel to help me interfere with the divination! I should've paid an appropriate amount… Oh no, I didn't realize this at all… I thought, like all rituals, that it was the end to it once it was completed… For a moment, Fors fell into a panic.

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441: "Channels" Increase

Editor: Atlas Studios

Cheek? Was the Primordial Demoness also a man in the past? Klein almost raised his hand to his chin.

He had once guessed that it was because of the existence of the evil goddess, the Primordial Demoness, that led to the Assassin pathway having members of the opposite sex turn into a female after Sequence 7. Who knew that Roselle's diary would indicate that the Primordial Demoness might've been a male in the beginning as well?

This depicted two problems. First, the Primordial Demoness wasn't a naturally born deity, and they had only relied on potions to reach Sequence 0. Second, the purely feminine changes in this pathway were inherent in its Beyonder characteristics.

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442: Exploration Mission

Editor: Atlas Studios

Alger looked at Fors and returned with a question.

"You were forced to drink a second Apprentice potion?"

Why did you figure it out so easily… It's as though you were there to see it… Fors uncomfortably cleared her throat and said, "Yes, let's just pretend that's what happened…

"What solutions do you have? What do you need me to exchange for it?"

Alger glanced at Mr. Fool, but seeing that he had nothing to say, he replied in a calm and low voice, "You don't need payment, because it will certainly not be able to satisfy your needs."

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443: A One-man Performance

Editor: Atlas Studios

The visitor was a man in a dark green postman uniform. He smiled at Klein in a fawning manner.

"Are you Mr. Sherlock Moriarty?" he asked.

"Yes." Klein could vaguely guess the purpose of the other person's visit.

The visitor raised his right hand and handed over a palm-sized item that was wrapped in layers of black gauze.

"Please sign and accept your package."

Klein deliberately revealed his doubts.

"Shouldn't you give me a slip and let me go to the corresponding post office for collection?"

The Loen Kingdom's postal system was a perfect replica of the Intis system, and even the flaws were copied quite significantly. Anything that couldn't be stuffed directly into the mailbox, no matter what it was, would only be given a "collection slip" by the postman, making the recipient go through the hassle of collecting it himself.

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444: Confession

Editor: Atlas Studios

A similar feeling that wasn't unfamiliar. The experienced Klein immediately used his Clown powers to control his facial expression and the slight trembling of his body.

Without rushing, he gently retracted his gaze, making the casual glance from before appear normal.

"Sigh, Talim was so young. He wasn't even married and has no children." Klein sighed as he went with the flow.

He had said this because it gave him a plausible explanation for his subtle reaction towards the woman who had offered the flowers—he had turned sad having seen a woman who had some connection with Talim, associated her to marriage and family, and then finally how his friend had passed away at an early age.

"Yeah, actually, at his age, he should've been married four or five years ago. Unfortunately, the matter with his grandfather left him with an extremely strong psychological trauma. He had always rejected marriage, and only recently did he improve." Reporter Mike sighed.

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445: Live Broadcast

Editor: Atlas Studios

Lightning streaked across the sky, illuminating the pitch-black city walls.

Carrying a leather bag on his back and the Axe of Hurricane in hand, Derrick Berg stood outside the doorway to a cave with nearly ten of his teammates.

Lifting his eyes up, he saw that, between the stone cracks of the city wall, the dry and hardened black soil was crusting, but a bunch of tenacious weeds had grown out; they were densely packed and resembled human hair.

At that moment, he hurriedly withdrew his gaze and looked towards the city gate when he heard light footsteps.

As the lightning and darkness alternated, a tall figure slowly walked over, carrying two straight swords which were crossed on his back.

Then, his pale, disheveled hair; his ancient eyes; his twisted, deep; old scars; and his perennially-unchanged brown coat and flaxen-colored shirt entered Derrick and the others' sight.

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446: Machinery Hivemind's Combat Style

Editor: Atlas Studios

In an instant, Klein switched to his unfathomable state as "The Fool who overlooked everything." He nodded and said, "Not bad."

Ahead of him, the river surged, and the white words squirmed and changed before taking shape again.

"What follows is the exploration process your loyal servant, Arrodes, has recorded. You can choose to speed up or skip certain scenes at any time."

This sentence froze for two seconds, and then the scene abruptly zoomed in. Klein instantly appeared beside Ikanser Bernard, but no one noticed him.

He looked around and felt that he was surrounded by living people with lifelike scenes. Nothing about his surroundings looked unreal, making him feel as if though he was there in person.

I can even speed up or skip certain scenes… The original form of this mirror, Arrodes, is a virtual reality family cinema… Klein couldn't help but lampoon.

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447: Portrait

Editor: Atlas Studios

After another series of bombardments, the passage into the main tomb was revealed to the members of the Machinery Hivemind.

The ground was littered with debris. The diamond-shaped Beyonder characteristic that reflected a human face lay silently at the bottom of the right wall, glowing with the light of two other objects.

The entire tunnel, including the two walls that lined the sides and the stone ceiling, was filled with potholes. However, one thing remained undamaged.

It was a frame that was hung up ahead about seven meters away. It was brown in color, and the wood grain was obvious, but only the side of the frame was revealed.

Without anyone mentioning anything, all the Beyonders present could tell that it was strange.

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448: Amon's Possible Origins

Editor: Atlas Studios

Amon… Klein said the word in his mind.

He had originally thought that the Blasphemer who appeared in the Forsaken Land of God' City of Silver was a descendant of an ancient family like Amon. Through inheriting the legacy of his ancestors, step by step, he stepped into the demigod ranks. To his surprise, it was very possible that that particular person could very well have lived for more than two thousand years and was a member of the Amon family when it was at the peak of its strength!

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449: Better Choice

Editor: Atlas Studios

In Empress Borough, inside the opulent villa of Earl Hall.

The cold air was kept out by the windows and walls. The building's interior was warm as though it were spring, and the fireplace was elegant.

Audrey Hall was having her measurements taken by the fashion designer, Mrs. Guinea, so that she could create a costume for Audrey for the new year banquet in consideration of her recent physical and emotional state.

At this moment, her personal maid, Annie, came close to her ear and whispered, "Lady Escalante is here."

Such a fast response? Audrey was delighted, but she didn't make an obvious show of it on her face. With a faint smile, she said, "Please get her to wait in my art studio. Hmm, for five minutes."

"Art studio?" Annie asked in surprise.

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450: Distribution of Money

Editor: Atlas Studios

With the help of a bestowment ritual, Klein handed 2,500 pounds in cash and the gold mask provided by The Hanged Man to Miss Justice, and he used the image of The World to urge her to close the deal as soon as possible.

I've spent almost 5,000 pounds in the past two weeks. If I didn't leave Tingen, this amount of money is enough for me to maintain a lifestyle just like my landlady's family… A doll ruins one's life, consuming potions bankrupts you for three generations[1]… Klein looked at the vast fog and the ancient palace, which had returned to silence. He was a little upset, as though he had lost something important.

He was quiet for a few seconds before returning to the real world. He picked up the remaining 830 pounds on his desk, and he counted out six five-pound notes.

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451: Faceless

Editor: Atlas Studios

15 Minsk Street, in the dank, cold kitchen.

Klein rummaged for his newly bought large iron pot, poured fresh water into it, and carefully scrubbed it several times.

Then, he dropped some matches into it and snapped his fingers.

The scarlet flames soared, and under his control, they quickly burned the remaining water droplets dry, without harming the surface of the pot.

This time, there were no ingredients such as pure water in the potion recipe, so Klein was even more careful than the previous two times. He wanted to ensure that everything was in good measure to prevent any problems.

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452: Benson's Decision

Editor: Atlas Studios

Townshend Street, in between Empress Borough and West Borough.

Xio Derecha was standing in a dark, secluded alley. Even without looking up, she could see the countless magnificent palaces and tall Gothic towers in the distance.

It was the highest district in the whole of Backlund, and it was also where the Loen royal family resided.

It shared the same or even slightly higher status as the White Maple Palace of Intis and the Aurmir Palace of the Feysac Empire in the Southern and Northern Continent and in the entire world, but its name was neither romantic nor ancient.

It was called the Sodela Palace, and in ancient Feysac, it meant "balance."

Xio looked away from the famous "Bell of Order" and directed her sight to the other side of the alley.

In the shadows where the street lamps didn't shine, a figure slowly walked out.

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453: "Stairs"

Editor: Atlas Studios

Red Rose Manor, outside the luxurious rooms filled with all kinds of antiques.

Klein stood at the door and asked the sixth maid he had met today.

The young maid was wearing a black-and-white servant dress that had the characteristics of the times. She was pretty, in her prime, and had natural curls to her brown hair. She had a hint of playfulness on her face.

"Who does Mr. Talim meet when he visits?" Klein repeated the question numbly.

The maid replied almost without a pause, "Mr. Talim usually requests to meet His Highness, or to accompany him in riding horses, or to discuss matters. If His Highness happens to be absent, he will meet with that lady. They are very good friends. He receives permission from the butler."

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454: Who Am I?

Editor: Atlas Studios

After looking around, Klein, who had found nothing else, returned to the stone pillar-propped ancient palace.

He sat at the head of the long bronze table with his eyes half-closed. He examined his spirituality growth with the number of members he could draw in.

Including the empty positions that I could handle from before, I can still recruit four new members. However, there are no suitable targets at the moment… Klein shook his head and muttered before returning to the real world to busy himself for a good dinner.

After slicing potatoes, boiling beef, adding onions, and stir-frying them for a while, as well as sprinkling seasonings like sugar and pepper, Klein poured the prepared hot water into the saucepan, covered it with a lid, and turned the fire down.

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455: Help Seeker

Editor: Atlas Studios

Within the half-collapsed temple, only a few stone pillars remained intact as they collectively supported half of the main hall.

At the very front of the main hall, there was an altar covered in cracks. In the middle of the altar, there was a huge, pitch-black cross.

Hanging from the cross was a naked man who was hanging upside down. Around his ankles, thighs, and torso there were obvious rusty metal spikes protruding outward that were accompanied by bright red bloodstains.

Derrick knew that this was the statue of the Fallen Creator, but he couldn't help look down to size up the statue's face.

He saw the face of the statue—the nose, mouth, and ears were all blurry, except for the eyes which were carved with abnormal clarity.

The Fallen Creator's eyes were tightly shut, as though he was suffering from guilt and pain.

"Look away, don't study the statue of an evil god!" Demon Hunter Colin warned in a low voice.

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456: Playing Ghosts

Editor: Atlas Studios

Outside the Bravehearts Bar, a rental carriage briskly drove by.

Inside the carriage, Klein, who was wearing a half top hat, was sitting opposite Sharron, who was still wearing her black Gothic regal dress.

Looking at the expressionless and pale face of his former bodyguard, Klein was at a loss on how to exchange pleasantries. He could only go straight to the point.

"I'm done with my preparations."

Although Sequence 6 Faceless had only given him one Beyonder ability, all the powers he had before had experienced a clear upgrade, resulting in a great improvement to his strength. This was the best form of preparation.

However, a Faceless's powers could be deemed a godly skill in certain situations!

For example, when being pursued or trying to infiltrate… Klein couldn't help but let his imagination run wild.

Sharron listened quietly and simply said, "Tonight?"

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457: Information Provided by the Evil Spirit

Editor: Atlas Studios

Sequence 0, Red Priest… Which pathway's Sequence 0 is this?

I've learned the true name of another Sequence 0… Of course, the pretext is that the evil spirit isn't lying…

It said that the holder of the Red Priest card would seek out the underground ruins of the Tudor family due to some form of attraction, but they ended up dying in that room… This should be the law of convergence of Beyonder characteristics within the same pathway, right? No, Emperor Roselle had apparently mentioned that after advancing to become a High-Sequence Beyonder, possessing a corresponding Card of Blasphemy would allow them to subtly sense the Beyonder ingredients needed for subsequent Sequences… In other words, the room where the evil spirit is sealed has a demigod-ranked characteristic of the Red Priest pathway hidden within… Perhaps, the evil spirit was a demigod of this pathway when it was still alive, and it might even be a little stronger…

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458: An Ancient Sanguine

Editor: Atlas Studios

"So hungry…"

Amidst his trancelike words, Jack raised his head and looked at Joshua, who was wearing a pair of scarlet red gloves.

"So hungry…"

His mouth opened in an instant, reaching straight to his ears, revealing his neat white teeth and thick saliva that was constantly gushing out of his mouth.

At the same time, he threw himself forward towards Joshua. He was so fast that he left behind an afterimage on the ground.

Although Joshua was on high alert, he wasn't able to react in time.

Before he could even make out what was happening, the little boy, Jack, had already pounced in front of him.

Thump!

The yellow-haired figure seemed to slam into an invisible wall, stopping only a step away from Joshua.

Jack suspended himself in midair as a reddish glow from the darkness emerged from his body and started to corrode the transparent barrier that was denying him entry.

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459: Letting A Chance Slip

Editor: Atlas Studios

Although I have always had the urge to pray to The Fool to get rid of the psychological cue that Father Utravsky gave me, I also know, very clearly, that it's dangerous to recite the honorific name of an unknown being. Not all hidden existences will start with bait and slowly provide guidance. In such matters, "They" are often like sharks in the sea, who would go mad and lurch forward once they smell blood…

But now… Lord Nibbs, no—what does the Ancestor want?

Emlyn White said, finding it rather ridiculous, "It will be very, very, very dangerous."

Inside the black iron coffin, Nibbs Odora replied with an aged voice, "Yes, under normal circumstances.

"But not all hidden existences are filled with malice. Among 'Them,' they will similarly abide to rules and enjoy transactions. For example, the seven pure lights of the spirit world.

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460: Cyclic Explorations

Editor: Atlas Studios

Above the gray fog, the ancient temple-like building stood quietly.

After noticing some abnormalities in the series of coincidences, Klein entered the mysterious space after lunch, in an attempt to confirm a guess in his mind.

He picked up a fountain pen he conjured, paused for two seconds, and then wrote: "I am involved in a series of coincidences created by Sealed Artifact 0-08."

Putting down the dark red pen, Klein held the silver chain in his left hand and began his divination.

Finally, he opened his eyes and looked at the spirit pendulum just inches away from him.

The topaz pendant stood still without any rotations.

This meant that the divination had failed!

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461: The Kind and Enthusiastic Hanged Man

Editor: Atlas Studios

Unlike the past, Derrick was clearly smarter. He didn't clumsily rely only on words to provide a description.

After receiving Mr. Fool's permission, he conjured a series of scenes from the memories that he could recall. He showed the exploratory process and the points he found important to The Hanged Man, Justice, The Magician, and The World in a fragmented fashion, and then he included some explanations for them.

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462: What is a Miracle?

Editor: Atlas Studios

Seeing The Fool chuckling silently, Audrey and the others had no choice but to withdraw their gaze and stop asking questions.

In a situation like this where they were only given hints and not explanations, they didn't find it problematic. Existences at the level of deities typically had similar habits, and sometimes, what they gave weren't even hints, but revelations.

In the eyes of a powerful figure like Mr. Fool, just providing a single name is enough. Our failure to comprehend things is because we are lacking. We need to work harder at figuring out and attempting things… Audrey was increasingly looking forward to her future as a Psychiatrist.

"…I remember that there was something related to Rose Redemption in that semi-abandoned temple?" Alger tilted his head and looked at The Sun.

Without any hesitation, Derrick nodded and said, "Yes. It was text derived from Jotun in a corner of the murals. We used quite some time to decipher those words."

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463: Answering His Own Questions

Editor: Atlas Studios

A miracle is to be resurrected from the dead?

Klein suddenly remembered what had happened to him!

The head injury of a man who shot himself in the head miraculously healing; a Beyonder who, having died from having his heart crushed, crawled out of his grave in the middle of the night—are these considered "miracles" of being resurrected from the dead? Is this the "miracle" the leader of the Secret Order, Zaratul, spoke of? And Sequence 2 of the Seer pathway is called a Miracle Invoker! At this moment, Klein felt like he had grasped something important, but he was unable to piece together all the clues to form the truth he wanted.

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464: Consultation

Editor: Atlas Studios

Prince Edessak Augustus? What connection does he have with the danger that might lead to tragedy? Moreover, this matter seems to have received the attention of Mr. Fool! Audrey instantly matched the name with a face, giving rise to great worry and doubt in her.

In her opinion, things that caught the attention of Mr. Fool were either very dangerous, extremely secretive, or had far-reaching importance, and were by no means simple. For example, the True Creator had attempted to descend upon Backlund with the help of Lanevus and the harsh conditions of East Borough's factory district, Emperor Roselle's Black Emperor card, or the death of the Duke Negan, and the Twilight Hermit Order.

Taking these examples into account, Audrey had good reason to believe that, if not handled well, or given too little attention, the major event involving Prince Edessak would inevitably lead to a very, very terrible storm!

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465: Emlyn's Determination

Editor: Atlas Studios

After a second of confirmation, Klein clasped his hands together and leaned forward.

"What exactly is this something?"

"No, I can't say any further." Emlyn White shook his head firmly.

Afraid of being probed, Klein didn't pursue the matter. He simply analyzed the situation based on the information that the vampire had just revealed.

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466: Tail-devourer

Editor: Atlas Studios

Bam!

Derrick's axe, wrapped in streaks of silver, struck the river in the mural, causing the wall to cave in and stone chips to fly everywhere.

With one strike, the river that had its source connected to its mouth completely disintegrated.

Just as he was looking forward to having the cycle broken, resulting in the members of the exploratory team escaping the temple, Demon Hunter Colin's figure phased away and appeared before him, his face grim.

"What were you doing?"

The tip of the demigod's sword was still pointed downwards, but the grip on his hilt was clearly tighter than before.

Thinking back to the collective wisdom of the Tarot Club members, Derrick said, half 'doubtfully' and half 'fearfully,' "Your Excellency, a black shadow flashed past here just now. It's true! It looked like the figure of a child!"

Without looking away, Colin Iliad asked another team member, "Haim, did you see it?"

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467: The Delayed Response

Editor: Atlas Studios

The iron-black coffin with its strange patterns lay quietly in the center, and there seemed to be hidden shockwaves in the air that seemed to be silently colliding.

Emlyn White stood in the corner and lit the candles according to the normal ritual procedures, burning the essential oils and corresponding herbal powders.

A dense and unsteady atmosphere emanated, and after recalling the requirements of "artificial sleepwalking," Emlyn lowered his head, began to enter Cogitation, and repeated the honorific name of The Fool.

"The Fool that doesn't belong to this era.

"The mysterious ruler above the gray fog.

"The King of Yellow and Black who wields good luck."

…

Amidst his monotone voice, Emlyn gradually entered a magical state. His body felt relaxed and reserved. It felt like he was in deep sleep, but his spirituality was light and energetic as it constantly spread outwards.

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468: The Moon

Editor: Atlas Studios

For a moment, Emlyn White was stiff and his mind was blank, like a marble statue sitting there.

Then, he heard the figure leisurely sitting in the thick gray fog indifferently ask, "Why did you pray to me?"

Emlyn's mind buzzed and he blurted out, "It's a revelation from my Ancestor. 'She' told us through a dream that the apocalypse is approaching and that we need to make preparations. And I am key in this matter. My mission was to pray to The Fool!"

Hearing the undisguised and detailed response, Klein, who had prepared his answers, was at quite a loss on where to begin. This vampire, Emlyn White, had explained everything he wanted to know.

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469: Vampire Queen

Editor: Atlas Studios

Above the gray fog, inside the palace that looked like a giant's residence.

The Moon Emlyn thought hard about what part of the Sanguine's history that he should tell The Fool.

He and the Ancestor are old friends, so "He" must know what happened before the Cataclysm, so I don't need to repeat it… In the Fourth and Fifth Epoch, the glory of the Sanguine wasn't rare, and there was a lot of history to talk about, but there was only one most important point… Emlyn quickly came up with an idea.

From what he knew, The Fool was likely an ancient god before the Cataclysm. Due to certain reasons, he didn't perish and had slept till today, gradually in the process of recovering.

This explained why no such secret existence had appeared in the Sanguine records, that had a history spanning millennia, until 'His' honorific name suddenly spread.

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470: Name

Editor: Atlas Studios

Outside Red Rose Manor, Klein walked out of the carriage whilst carrying his cane.

He closed his eyes and calmed himself as he looked at the red-uniformed soldiers standing guard at the door.

Since Sealed Artifact 0-08 has been making coincidences to stop the woman with the sapphire ring from meeting me, there shouldn't be any exception today. There's no need for me to worry about running into her. As long as I fool Prince Edessak with my acting, everything would be fine… Klein thought quickly and walked towards the entrance of the manor.

After being searched and handing in the gun holster and revolver, he followed a valet's lead and walked across the gray slate road, past a fountain spewing clear spring water, and entered the main house. They arrived at the second floor and arrived outside the room that was supposed to be a solarium according to the layout.

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471: Klein's Preparations

Editor: Atlas Studios

Cheek…

The goosebumps on Klein's skin surfaced uncontrollably as he looked at the beautiful young lady with her misty eyes and furrowed eyebrows. The goosebumps were distinct and were accompanied with cold sweat.

At this moment, he felt as if he had returned to Tingen, back to the Blackthorn Security Company, and was about to activate his Spirit Vision to observe Megose and the baby in her womb. The fear that resulted from his instinct was so clear that it felt like a giant hand tightly gripping onto his heart.

He finally understood that the thing interfering with the gray fog and his divinations wasn't a Grade 0 Sealed Artifact or a mystical item of the same level. There was something even more terrifying hidden within Trissy's body.

The symbol of the apocalypse, the Primordial Demoness!

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472: Latent Danger

Editor: Atlas Studios

Lady Caitlyn was sitting on a sofa in the activity room, with the deputy butler, butler's assistant, and the attendant of the corresponding services seated opposite her.

She was meticulous as she gave instructions on various things to take note of for the dinner banquet that night. This continued until her daughter, Audrey, came to her side.

"Mother, I have something to tell you." Audrey swept her gaze across the other people in the room.

On the way to the activity room, she had felt a slight tremor, but she didn't discover anything unusual.

Lady Caitlyn looked around and nodded.

"All of you can return later."

The activity room turned silent very quickly and even Susie was signaled by Audrey to leave.

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473: Faceless

Editor: Atlas Studios

Everything around him was like an illusion. The colors were saturated and superposed as they quickly receded.

As soon as Klein came to his senses, observed, and experienced this wonderful passage, he felt Mr. Azik's hand which was holding his hand tremble slightly.

Before he could even react, he felt a strong sense of weightlessness. His body couldn't help but plummet as he even began spinning.

The colors of red, yellow, white, and black around him faded rapidly, and Klein fell, hitting the solid ground hard. The impact left his head spinning and his internal organs churning.

Mixed into his vision were bits of golden stars as his vision was restored to normal. To his left was a bottomless dark valley that resembled the legendary Devil Abyss. On the right was a gray stone wall that continued to extend upwards, as if supporting the entire region.

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474: Edessak's Story

Editor: Atlas Studios

Inside the solarium of Red Rose Manor.

Edessak Augustus stood by the full-length window, looking at the indifferent Trissy with a gloomy face, and he said in a voice that was like a volcano about to erupt, "Why did you run away again?"

Trissy looked past him and beyond the window, chuckled, and answered with a question, "Did you see the meteor shower? Did you feel the trembling of the earth?"

Behind her, porcelain and other items in the cabinet had fallen onto the thick, soft carpet. The old butler, Funkel, was standing beside her.

"It's not too rare for that to happen," Edessak replied in a low voice.

Trissy raised her eyebrows slightly.

"You are very dull.

"Then let me be frank with you. I am a Demoness!"

Prince Edessak's expression didn't change at all. He turned to the old butler and said, "Guard the door and prevent anyone from entering."

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475: Lady Despair

Editor: Atlas Studios

Mr. A? Mr. A of the Aurora Order? Klein, who had intended to cling towards the walls and shadows and proceed towards the door, shrank back silently.

Ince Zangwill should be working with some faction of the royal family… Those who are able to excavate and hide such a large underground ruin near Backlund must be one of the main powers in the Loen Kingdom…

With Ince Zangwill and 0-08 participating in this matter, the Church of the Goddess can be ruled out. Although the people of the Lord of Storms are a bit reckless and male chauvinists, it's unlikely that they will work with the Demoness Sect. At least until now, there have been no Beyonders who appear to be of the Sailor pathway… In the same way, the Church of Steam and Machinery aren't likely suspects…

Even the Aurora Order is involved? What are they trying to do?

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476: The Straw Men

Editor: Atlas Studios

Light suddenly faded from where Ince Zangwill disappeared, staining the area with the richest and deepest darkness.

In the darkness, the sounds of melodic chanting could be heard. It was quiet and tranquil, hypnotic even. Even the countless pale arms flailing upwards underneath the pitch-black water seemed to slow down, no longer as frenzied as before, as if they had won redemption for their souls.

In such a "dark night," a figure walked out. It was none other than Ince Zangwill who had just been dragged into the spirit world.

Compared to before, he had lost the bonnet on his head. The clothes on his left shoulder were tattered, and a piece of flesh had been torn off. Faint yellow pus bubbled out one after another.

His eyes were no longer indifferent, but filled with pain, as if he was suffering some unimaginable torment.

The 0-08 quill continued writing.

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477: The Many Considerations of The Fool

Editor: Atlas Studios

The first thing Klein saw was the altar, which was surrounded by layers of light, and the tall, thin figure standing in it.

The figure took off its hood, revealing a beautiful, devilishly feminine face, with a left chest, shoulders, abdomen, and thighs all covered in squirming, sticky, disgusting flesh and blood.

His surroundings were filled with illusory, transparent shadows that brimmed with feelings such as numbness, despair, pain, and depression.

Beyond the altar, the four figures which were praying had fallen. Their skin was shriveled, and their bones were tightly wrapped, like corpses that had been eroded for many years.

At the top of the hall, rays of light pierced through the air, quickly entering the altar through the stone pillars, floor, and air that were filled with symbols and magic labels.

As soon as Klein emerged from his hiding place, Mr. A opened his eyes and looked in his direction.

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478: Grade 0 Sealed Artifact in Operation

Editor: Atlas Studios

The moment she saw the stranger appear in front of her, Lady Despair materialized a sharp, crystalline ice spear and threw it at her target.

Using the force of the recoil, she attempted to break through the back of the carriage and into the street.

With regards to this sudden turn of events, she was puzzled at this strange enemy who suddenly appeared. On the contrary, she was very confused and perplexed as to how someone could find her concealed self so quickly. It was no less difficult than destroying a large city, or teleporting directly from Backlund to the Southern Continent of East Balam.

But as a Sequence 4 Demoness of Despair, she had developed herself one step at a time from when she was an Assassin. She knew that she couldn't afford to be distracted or spout nonsense at such critical moments. It wasn't too late to think about all these matters later.

Therefore, she chose to attack directly and wanted to take the opportunity to leave.

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479: The Inexplicable Smile

Editor: Atlas Studios

The old butler, Funkel, was fleeing across a barren field in the wilderness.

He had lost his hat, his neatly combed gray hair hung in an unkempt manner, and the outer layer of his clothes were muddy.

Huff. Puff… He paused for a moment, panting as he looked behind him. He felt slightly more at ease when he realized that there was no one around.

However, when he turned his head and was about to change direction, he discovered that a figure had appeared in front of him.

The figure wore a hooded, classical robe; its face was dull and expressionless while its black eyes were hidden in the shadows.

Funkel's pupils constricted. He opened his mouth and tried to say a word in ancient Hermes, but he was surprised to find his nose disappearing and his voice gone.

A look of despair suddenly appeared on his face. Then, like a stain in the void, his entire body was seemingly wiped clean with a cloth, and not a single trace was left behind.

…

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480: Rewards for Honesty

Editor: Atlas Studios

In the hall where the stone pillars had collapsed, a group of Nighthawks wearing black trench coats and silk hats appeared around the altar. The person leading the team was the Archbishop of the Church of Evernight, Saint Anthony Stevenson.

"It was disrupted by someone?" he muttered without stopping and directly walked to the stone door that led to the interior.

Rich darkness surfaced as the stone door silently opened. Saint Anthony led some of the Nighthawks in as they delved deeper.

Along the way, they didn't discover a single guard or anything of value. It was as if this place had been forcefully swept clean.

Finally, they reached a room in the deepest recesses, but there was nothing there but walls and stone pillars. The blue door of light which was there when Klein left was long gone.

The lanterns in the Nighthawks' hands suddenly lost their light, and darkness enveloped the room.

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481: Statistics and People

Editor: Atlas Studios

In a small town on the outskirts of Backlund.

After changing into clean and dry clothes, Klein placed the wet bills on the surface of the table, one by one, waiting for them to dry naturally in the warm room.

During this process, he moved very carefully and very gently. Even his sneezing and coughing which were brought by the fever had been forcefully suppressed.

To make sure there were no mistakes, he didn't dry them by controlling a flame.

Having done all this, he walked to the corner of the hotel room, where there was a full-length mirror.

Klein's black hair was neatly combed in the mirror. He had a pair of dark brown eyes, and his face was thin and angular.

He had gold-rimmed glasses on the bridge of his nose and was beardless. He looked young but also experienced.

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482: Ring out the Old, Ring in the New

Editor: Atlas Studios

Morning of the 31st December, at the Harvest Church south of the Bridge.

Emlyn White stood in a kitchen wearing his priest robes, occasionally tossing different herbs into a large iron pot and stirring them to a certain extent.

After all the pre-prepared ingredients were tossed in, he waited patiently for another ten minutes. Then, he scooped up the ink-black liquid with a metal ladle and poured it into a glass cup and glass bottle beside him.

48, 49, 50… Emlyn glanced at the empty pot and counted the medicine he had brewed.

After confirming the quantity, he picked up a large tray and brought the bottles of dark green liquid to the hall.

In the hall, more than half of the pews had been removed, and the floor was covered with tattered blankets. Lying within them were victims of the plague who were either in deep sleep or groaning in pain.

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